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# THE SPIRIT

by Will Eisner



Will Eisner '73

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# THE SPIRIT

BY WILL EISNER

Editor-in-Chief: WILL EISNER Editor and Publisher: DENIS KITCHEN Assistant Editor: LEONARD RIFAS

## No. 20

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Page 48... **OUTER SPACE.** **Wally Wood**, before his brilliant period at **E.C. Comics**, inked a few stories at the end of the long **Spirit** series in 1952. This is chapter one of his first collaboration with the **Eisner** studio. Continued next issue.



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## LETTERS

### COMMITTED ATROCITIES

To show my thanks for *The Spirit* No. 19, enclosed is a check for a subscription. Your *Spirit* magazine is much handsomer than the Warren version, doing the originals justice. Having free-lanced at Warren during their *Spirit* hiatus, I did a lot of undodly touch-up work on Eisner's stats (i.e. whiting out balloon indentations to make them more oval, and other atrocities) to conform to the appearance to comics of today. (I always wondered what Eisner himself thought of that procedure ...) Please keep up the good work and let us know when we can look forward to bi-monthly publication.

Bob Pinaha

24 Patton Drive, Sayreville, New Jersey 08872

### FOR COMPLETISTS ONLY

Thank you for reviving *The Spirit*, practically the only comic that disillusioned ex-Marvel fans like me find worth reading (except perhaps for *Asterix the Gaul*.) I have a few questions accumulated from the days when Warren stopped publishing *The Spirit*...

1. I assume the proofs of all the pre-war Eisner *Spirits* are gone, which is why the only available reprints have been the "Spirit Bags" available briefly by mail. But the bags stopped before exhausting all the episodes Eisner drew before he was drafted in 1942—and just at the time they when they stopped looking like ragged first efforts and started getting more polished. Any chance of Eisner making one or two more bagged sets available, covering those last months of pre-war *Spirits*?
2. It is Eisner's postwar work which has been showcased in the *Harvey, Warren and Kitchen* reprints. The *Warren Spirit* mags ran an original publication date on almost every episode, but on some the date is missing. I would like to see a *Spirit Checklist*. It would list every Sunday date from Eisner's first *Spirit* to his last in—when?—1952? After the date would be a blank space for most of the dates, for us to fill in when new *Kitchen Spirits* come out. But

all the reprints already published would be listed according to date. For example, under September 9, 1949 would be: "Rat-Tat, the Toy Machine Gun, HS [Harvey Spirit] 1, KS [Kitchen Spirit] 17." Seeing as how both Warren and you have refused to run the stories in chronological order, this is the only way fans who don't have the original Sunday sections could keep track.

3. "Ten Minutes" is the absolute best Eisner story I have read so far. Therefore I was very annoyed at the technical quality of the reprint in WS 13. Either the engravers were drunk or the press had a screw loose, but all that came out was black murky soup. The story is so damned good that it deserves another shot, for the fans who aren't lucky enough to have a copy of HS 1 or the original section. Why not run it in a future KS, re-shot?
4. I read of a special updated *Spirit* story that Eisner drew for *New York Magazine* sometime in the late 60's. Could you reprint that?

Stephen M. Bowell

1915 Cliffe Ave., No. 12, Courteney, B.C.

1. There are no present plans to continue the ill-fated bag series.
2. We'd be happy to see a *Spirit Checklist*, but we don't have the time to do the research. If an ambitious fan wants to do the work, we'd publish or distribute the Checklist.
3. "Ten Minutes" may reappear in time.
4. This 5-page story was published in the Sunday magazine of the late New York Herald Tribune on January 9, 1966. We will be reprinting it... but not in *The Spirit* magazine. Later this year we will be publishing a squareback collection of the early and obscure work of Will Eisner. There, it's out—no longer a secret project! Watch this magazine for an official announcement later...

### NOT A YES MAN

I enjoy *The Spirit* quite a bit. Here are my thoughts on possible improvements—

- Yes to the new wraparound covers by Eisner. Issues 17 and 19 are great, but No. 18's cover was not too great!
- Yes to more essays, editorials and text pages.
- Yes to a page of tongue-in-cheek new cartoon editorializing like the *Kitchen/Eisner* collaboration page or the various "interview" pages in the Warren issues.
- Yes to new stories by Eisner—*Spirit* stories set in the 40's or the present and non-*Spirit* stories like "A Small Business" or "Life on Another Planet."
- But no to the dumb "tear out" format of

"Life on Another Planet." Very awkward to read if you don't want to mutilate the magazine.

Yes to old *Spirit* stories by artists other than Eisner, with artists identified.

No to *Lady Luck, Clifford*, etc.—Yuch!

I agree with Cat Yronwode—how about some more of those good ol' shadows?

Mike Cague

Box 159 MRC, Bloomington, Indiana 47401

### 12 YR OLD CASTING DIRECTOR

Two years ago a great thing happened to me. I discovered *The Spirit*. Since then I have been looking for everything and anything on this fabulous character. Very few twelve year olds even know he exists. One thing I have been thinking about is a *Spirit* movie. If it were to be done using live actors, I would suggest the following cast:

*The Spirit*.....Richard Hatch  
*Ellen Dolan*.....Susan Anton  
*Carrión*.....Malcolm McDowell  
*Inspector Dolan*.....Keenan Wynn  
*Ebony*.....Gary Coleman  
*The Octopus*.....Patrick McNee  
*Sand Saref*.....Valerie Perrine

Of course you could make it an animated cartoon, but then it might be a box office flop. Whatever way you decide to do it, don't rely heavily on camp (remember *Batman*.)

Joey Niedbala

3288 Skipper Drive, Virginia Beach, VA 23458

---Thanks for your suggestion, Joey! Do other readers have "ideal casts" in mind? We'll ask Will Eisner for his choices too.

### MOVED BY 'CONTRACT'

For years we have enjoyed Will Eisner's outstanding work in the graphic story medium. *The Spirit* is a known classic in the field, but *A Contract With God* is a major achievement that touched us very deeply. It is a profoundly moving work that has given the medium dignity never before attained.

Perhaps if we work very hard we may one day be able to touch someone's life as much as you have touched ours. We'd consider ourselves fortunate men indeed.

Rick Monfrini

Roger Kunshick

904 East 44th Street, Austin, Texas 78751

Please address your letters of comment to:

**THE SPIRIT**  
**P.O. Box 7**  
**Princeton, Wisconsin 54968**

# Essay on Comic Art - II

## THE ANATOMY OF EXPRESSION

by Will Eisner

In the practice of the comic book art form the artist/writer (for, fundamentally, he is both) is dealing with two major communicating devices— words and pictures. In their arrangement lies the structure for the expressive potential of this medium.

This special mix of two distinct forms is not new. Their juxtaposition has been experimented with from earliest times. The wide inclusion of inscriptions em-

ployed as statements by the people depicted in medieval paintings was generally abandoned after the 16th century. Thereafter the efforts by the artists who sought to convey statements that went beyond decoration or portraiture were confined to facial expressions, postures, and symbolic backdrops. The use of inscriptions reappeared in broadsheets and popular publications as "balloons" in the 18th century. Now the artists who dealt in message-bearing art for the mass audience sought to create a gestalt, some cohesive language, as the vehicle for the expression of a complexity of thoughts, sounds, actions, and ideas in a sequenced arrangement separated by boxes. This stretched the capabilities of simple imagery. In the process the modern narrative artform, which we call comics (and the French call "Bande Dessinee") evolved.

It is in its expressive potential that the true measure of comic book art lies.

I regard the primal interaction between the reader and the creator as a form of contract. This is true in the code alphabet of the written language, as well as in sounds of oral communication. And, as in all contracts, there must be some standard of common definition. If we accept the definition of a sequence of images in concert with words as being readable in an agreed upon arrangement, then we have a language.

In its most economical state, comics employ a series of repetitive images and recognizable symbols. When these are used again and again to convey similar ideas they tell a story which is compounded by the sequence of events. It is this disciplined application that creates the grammar of the language.

In the development of oriental (Chinese and Japanese) pictographs a welding of pure visual imagery and a uniform derivative symbol took place. Ultimately, only the execution of the symbol became the arena of style and invention. The art of calligraphy emerged in this simple rendering of symbols and ascended to become a technique which, in its individuality, evoked beauty and rhythm. In this way, calligraphy added another dimen-

phy as her predecessor but in a style that is, at once, unique and expressive of greater dimension (B.) In comic art, the addition of style and the subtle application of weight, emphasis and delineation combine to evoke beauty and message.

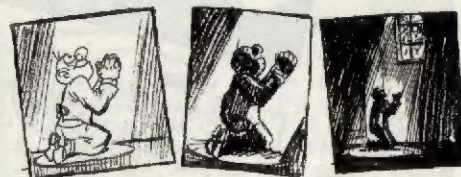


Plate E... Here the underlying symbolic posture is overlaid with amplification. Both words and other visually familiar objects such as spears, doorway, boat and costume, as well as facial expressions, convey different emotional messages.

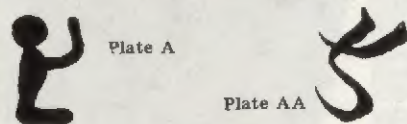


Plate A

Plate AA

sion to the use of the pictograph. There is, here, a certain similarity to the modern comic strip if one considers the effect the cartoonist's style has upon the character of the total product.

For the purposes of illustration let us follow the progression of a single expression from ancient usage to the modern comic strip. The ancient Egyptian hiero-



Plate C



Plate D... Here is a rough example of the effect of calligraphic-like weight (shadows) application and its ability to alter the emotional effect of the basic worship symbol. Note the impact of costume modifications, supporting background and atmosphere to the worship posture which is essentially the same in each panel.

glyph, in the hands of the artist, an alphabet with which he can make an encompassing statement that weaves an entire tapestry of emotional interaction.

By the skilled manipulation of this seemingly amorphic structure and an understanding of the anatomy of expression the cartoonist can begin to undertake the exposition of stories that involve deeper meanings and deal with the complexities of human experience. (F)



Plate B... Chinese letter or pictograph rendered in two styles of brushstroke.

glyph for the idea of worship was the symbol shown above (A), and which the Chinese similarly depicted (AA.)

In Chinese calligraphy the style of the brushstroke confines itself to beauty of execution. This is not unlike the style of a ballerina executing the same choreogra-

In the modern comic strip the same idea would be conveyed pictorially as (C) and coupled with words it could be modified in meaning an nuance (D.)

This, then, is where the expressive potential of the comic artist is in the sharpest focus. After all, this is the art of graphic story-telling. Here the codification be-



Plate F... This basic symbol, derived from a familiar attitude, is amplified by words, costume, background and interaction (with another symbolic posture) to communicate meanings and emotion.

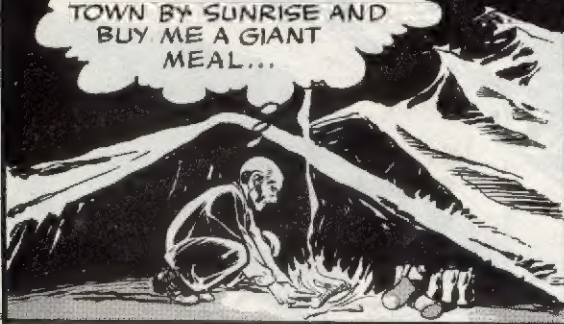
# QUIRTE



...AND UP IN THE HILLS, BESIDE A PATHETIC LITTLE CAMPFIRE...

# THANKSGIVING?

HMPE!! WHAT A WAY TO SPEND IT... HIDING IN THESE FORGOTTEN MOUNTAIN PEAKS... A FORTUNE IN GOLD DUST IN MY POKE, AND NOTHIN' BUT A SCRAWNY RABBIT TO FEED ON... IF ONLY I HAD A HORSE I COULD MAKE A TOWN BY SUNRISE AND BUY ME A GIANT MEAL...



6#3!! LOOKIT THEM SUCKERS DOWN IN WHAT'S LEFT O' BOOT CAMP... THE SPIRIT AND HIS FRIENDS BEEN LUGGIN' IN SUPPLIES BY AIR ALL DAY... BET THEY'RE EATIN' IN STYLE... HMMM... I COULD SNEAK DOWN AND STEAL A HORSE AND SOME GRUB...



BUT NO.. BETTER NOT TRY THAT.. AFTER WHAT I DID, BURNIN' DOWN THE PLACE TO GET THAT GOLD, THEY'RE PROBABLY JUST WAITIN' FER ME TO SHOW UP...



HA.. I CAN WAIT! YEAH... I'LL BE EATIN' OFF SILVER PLATES NEXT THANKSGIVING... HA HA HA HA HA I'M RICH NOW !!



I CAN REMEMBER WORSE THANKSGIVINGS... YEAH... THE TIME I SWINDLED THOSE INJUNS OUTTA THAT OIL LAND... HA! WHAT A THANKSGIVING THAT WAS! 0\*# Caw!! @!!

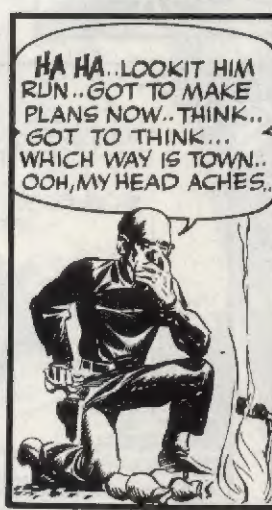


YEAH... ON THE RUN.. EVERY THANKSGIVING I CAN REMEMBER, ON THE FLY.. IF COPS AIN'T CHASIN' ME, IT'S SOME SUCKER I JUST FLEECE! SUCKERS... ALL OF 'EM?... I'M TOO SMART TO GO ON BEIN' A SMALL-TIME OPERATOR!!



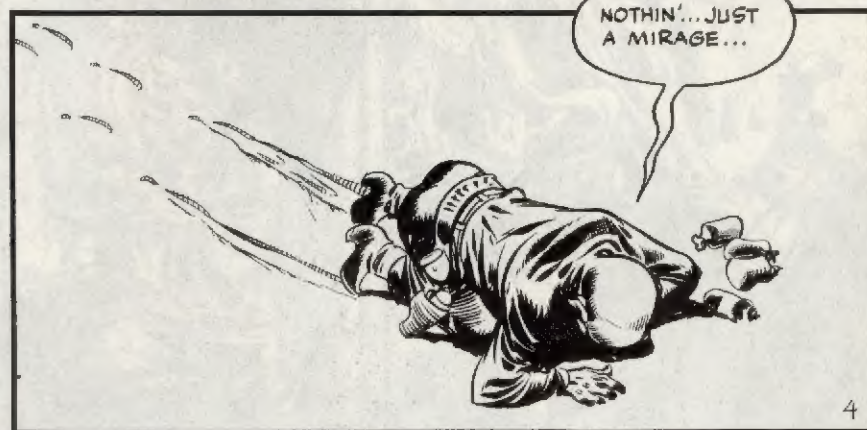
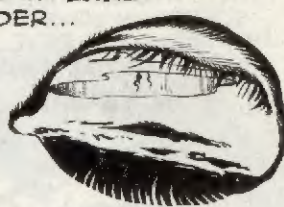
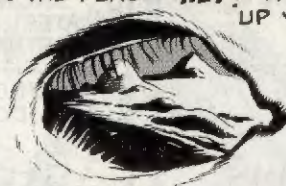
I'LL OPEN ME A GAMBLING JOINT SO BIG IT'LL NET MORE THAN THE U.S. TREASURY! YES, SIR... NEXT THANKSGIVING'S GONNA BE A LULU!



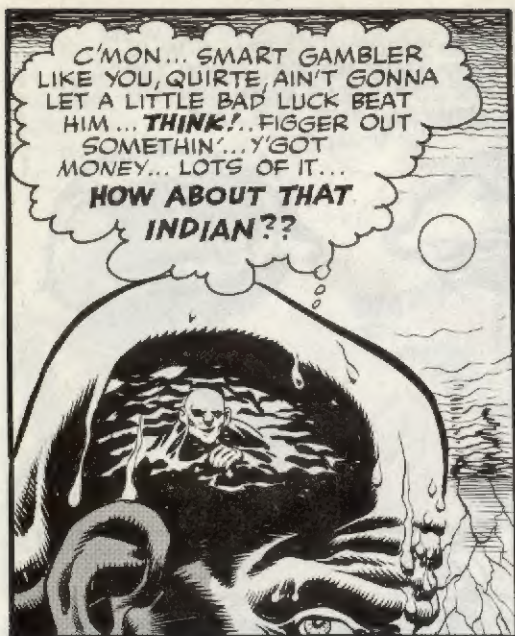


NO COMPASS... GIVE \$100,000 FOR ONE...  
GLAK WATER... GLAK... NEED WATER...  
MUST BE WATER WHERE  
ROCKS END...

@@#! THE COUNTRY'S GITTIN' SANDY... SUN IS  
BURNIN' ME... GOTTA HAVE WATER... WHEN I BUY  
ME RANCH I'LL HAVE 200 WELLS WITH SPIGOTS ALL  
OVER THE PLACE... HEY!... A LAKE... A LAKE...  
UP YONDER...



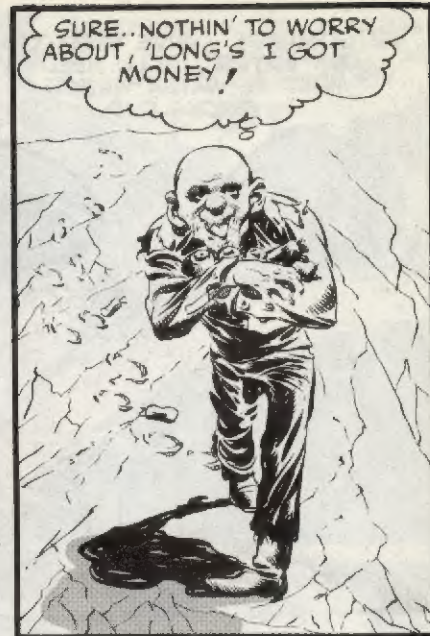
NOTHIN'... JUST  
A MIRAGE...



C'MON... SMART GAMBLER  
LIKE YOU, QUIRTE, AIN'T GONNA  
LET A LITTLE BAD LUCK BEAT  
HIM... **THINK!**... FIGGER OUT  
SOMETHIN'... Y'GOT  
MONEY... LOTS OF IT...  
**HOW ABOUT THAT  
INDIAN??**



YEAH... THAT INJUN...  
HE'S A HERMIT... BEEN UP  
HERE... KNOWS HIS WAY  
AROUND... MAYBE HE  
KNOWS WHERE THERE'S  
WATER... A SPRING OR  
SOMETHIN'... I'LL PAY HIM...  
BUY HIS SERVICES AS  
A GUIDE... YEAH,  
I'LL DOUBLE BACK...



SURE... NOTHIN' TO WORRY  
ABOUT, 'LONG'S I GOT  
MONEY!

MAYBE HE'LL BE SORE 'CAUSE I  
TOOK A SHOT AT HIM... NAH! HE'LL FORGET  
IT WHEN I OFFER TO SHARE ALL MY GOLD...

**THERE HE IS... AND HE'S  
GOT A SKIN OF WATER!!**



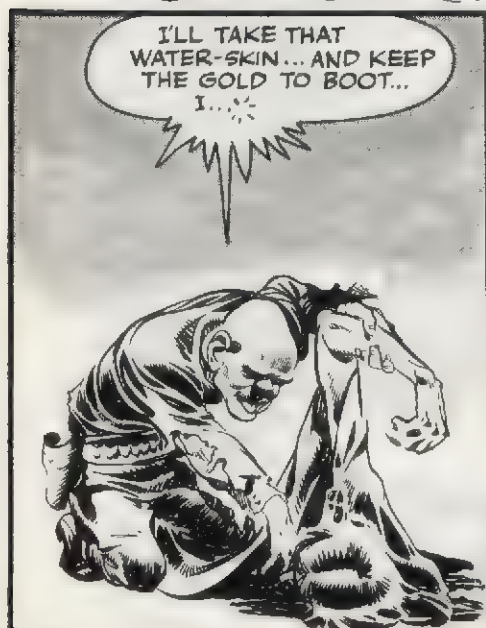
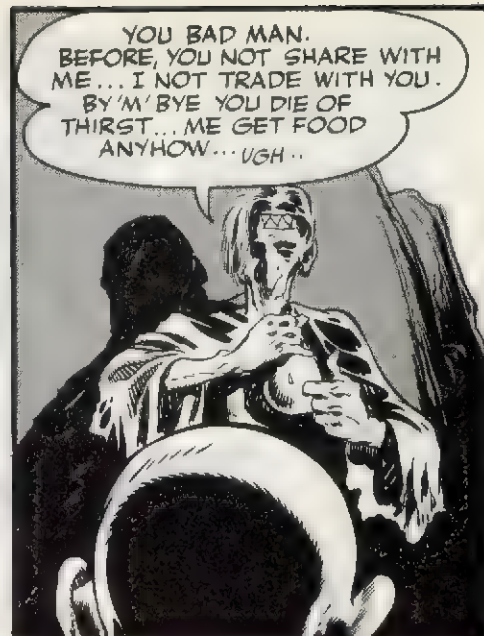
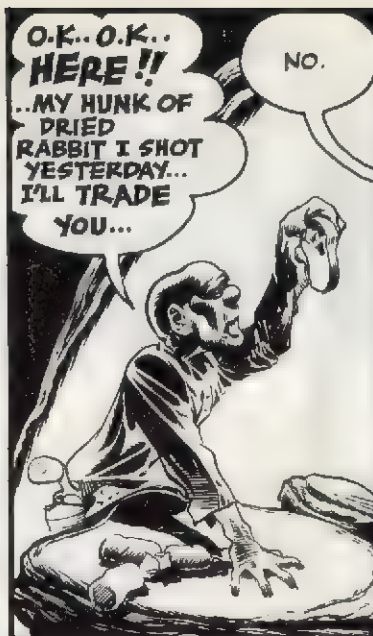
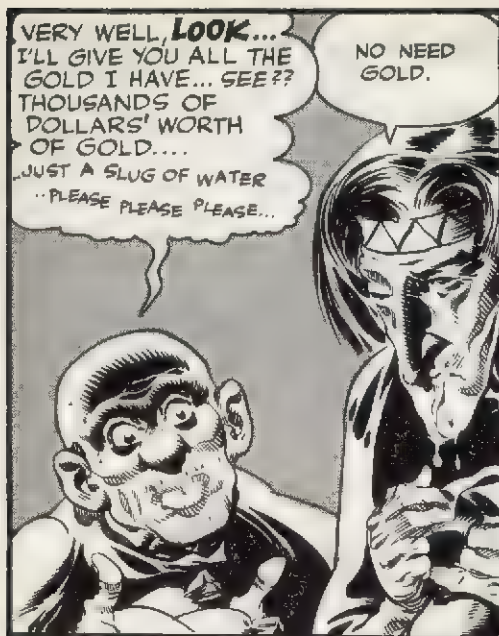
**HEY, INJUN...  
SHARE Y'WATER  
WITH ME...**



**NO... MINE!**



PLEASE... LOOK...  
I GOT GOLD... LOTS A  
GOLD... MUCH MONEY...  
I GIVE YOU HALF...  
FOR HALF O'YER  
WATER...



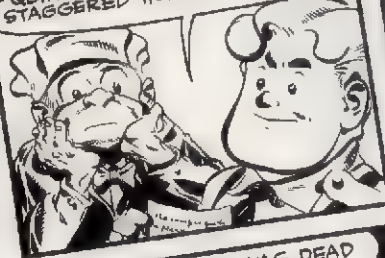


Nov. 21, 1948

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The Spirit

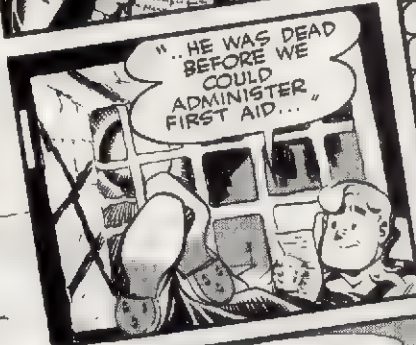
"...AT DUSK OF THAT DAY..THE PATHETIC, SHRIVELLED FIGURE OF WHAT WAS ONCE QUIRTE THE GAMBLER STAGGERED INTO BOOT CAMP.."



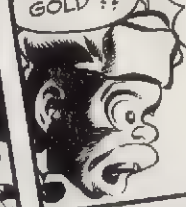
"...HE BRANDISHED A PISTOL AND CROAKED SOME THREAT THROUGH BLACKENED LIPS... AND COLLAPSED AT OUR FEET..."



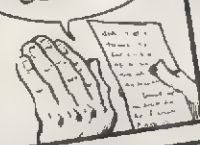
"..HE WAS DEAD BEFORE WE COULD ADMINISTER FIRST AID..."



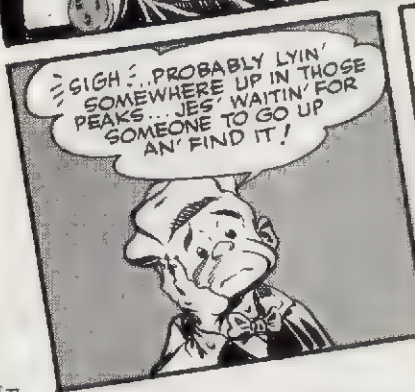
THE GOLD.. WHUT HAPPENED TO THE GOLD ??



O.K.. LET ME FINISH... ..THE GOLD QUIRTE HAD STRUGGLED SO HARD TO GET WAS GONE..."



SIGH.. PROBABLY LYIN' SOMEWHERE UP IN THOSE PEAKS... JES' WAITIN' FOR SOMEONE TO GO UP AN' FIND IT!



...IF ONE WANTS THE GOLD SO BADLY, THAT IS...





To Cromlech there was  
no one more wondrous  
than city kids.

When he thought of all the  
amazing things they  
could do, he almost  
cried....

City kids could read,  
write, add figures,  
dial telephones,  
use radios,  
ride bikes, and  
talk about  
atomic energy.

But could  
Cromlech do any  
of these things?

Indeed not!  
All he could do  
was talk to  
animals.  
For you see...

**CROMLECH  
WAS A  
NATURE BOY!**



**CROWLECH...**

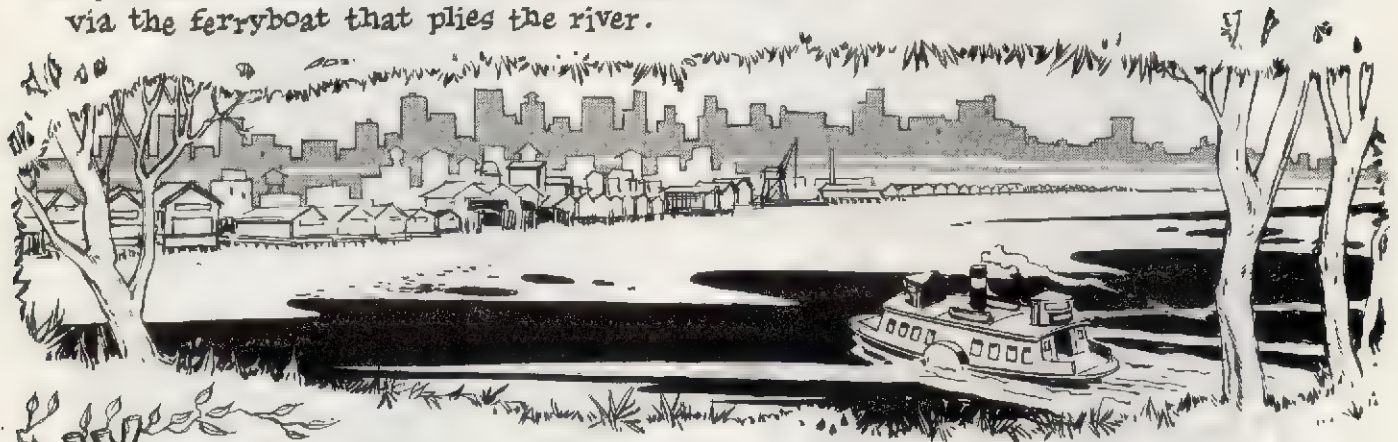
The nature boy dwelt in one of those primordial caves still left on earth... unnoticed by our expanding civilization.

There, from time to time, Old Gnarl, his father, would tell of the great city which lay beyond the forest's edge.

And so... when at last Old Gnarl died, Cromlech set out to see the Big City.



Now as you all know, the Big City is bounded on the east by the sea, and on the north, west, and south by the great river.... So you see, all who wish to enter afoot must do so via the ferryboat that plies the river.



**W**ell, sir...

This old ferryboat makes many stops along the river.

It picks up market-bound farmers at Woodkill, commuters at Stoneleigh, freed convicts at State Pen, and then pauses at Lost Landing for fuel and sundries.

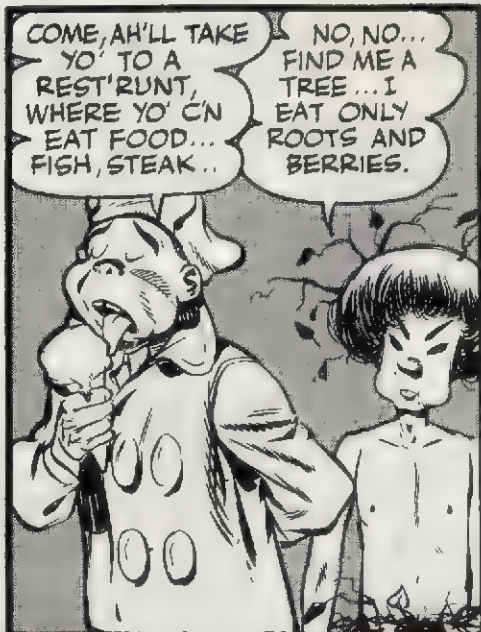
So it was one early morning that the river ferry docked as usual and discharged the following passengers:

Six commuters, five farmers, two freed convicts..... and one nature boy.

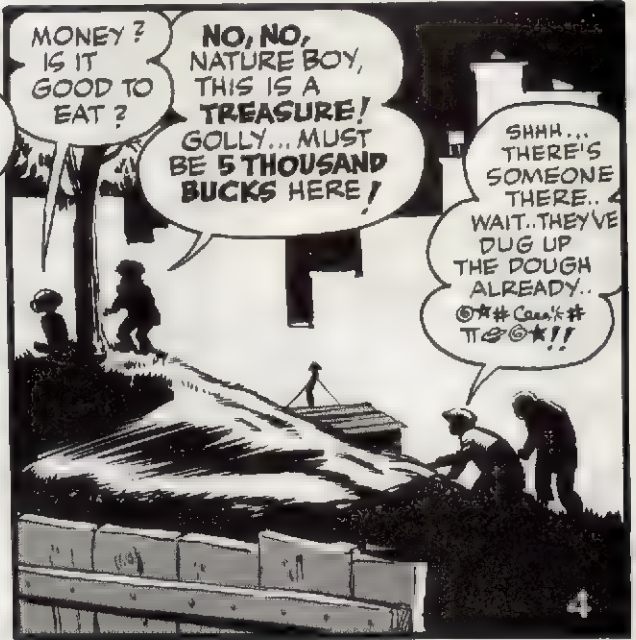
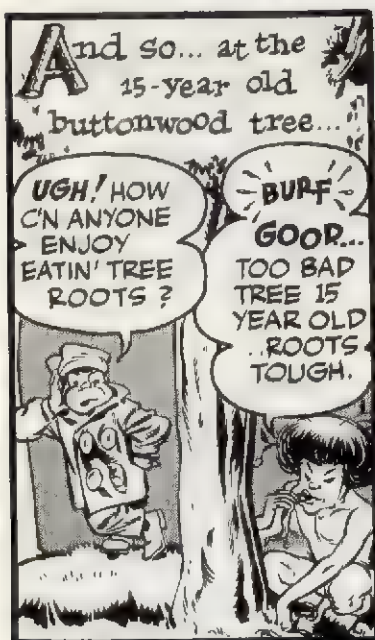
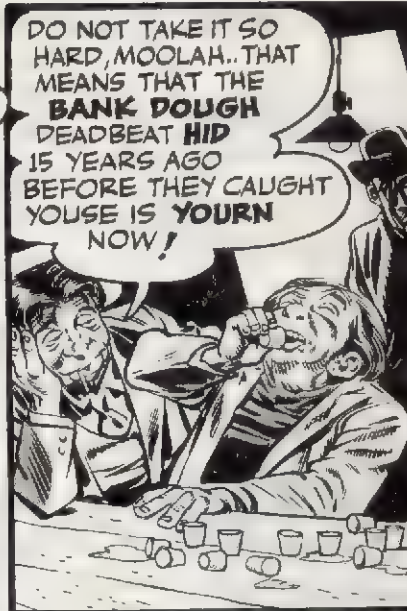
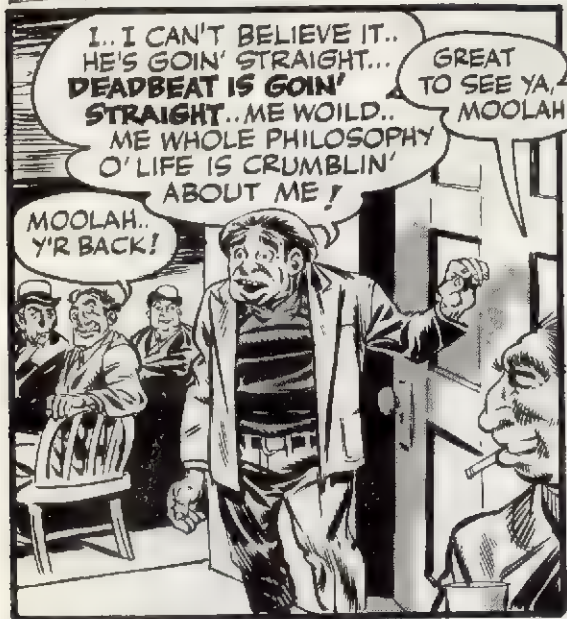


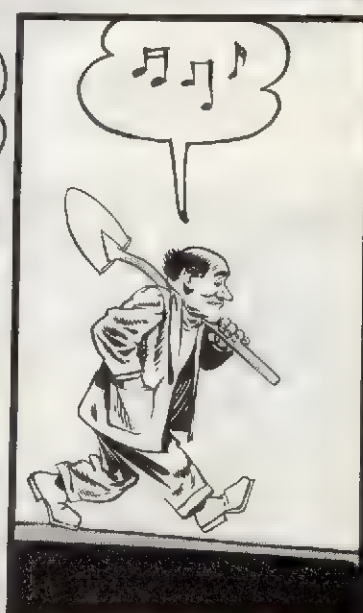
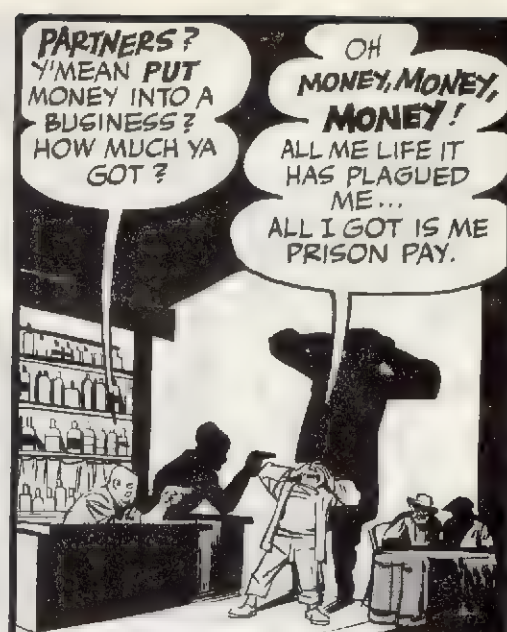
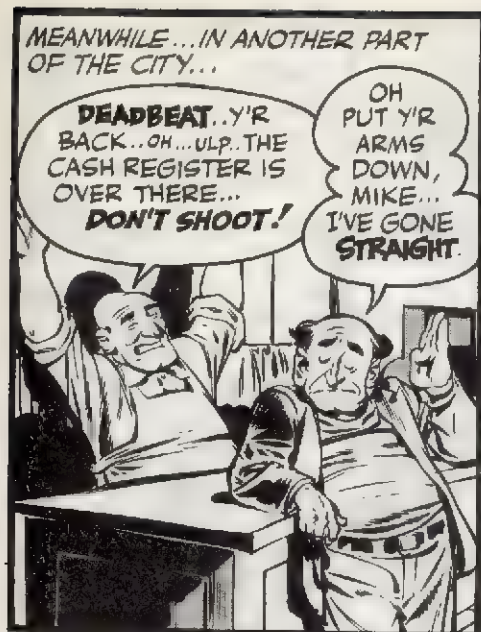


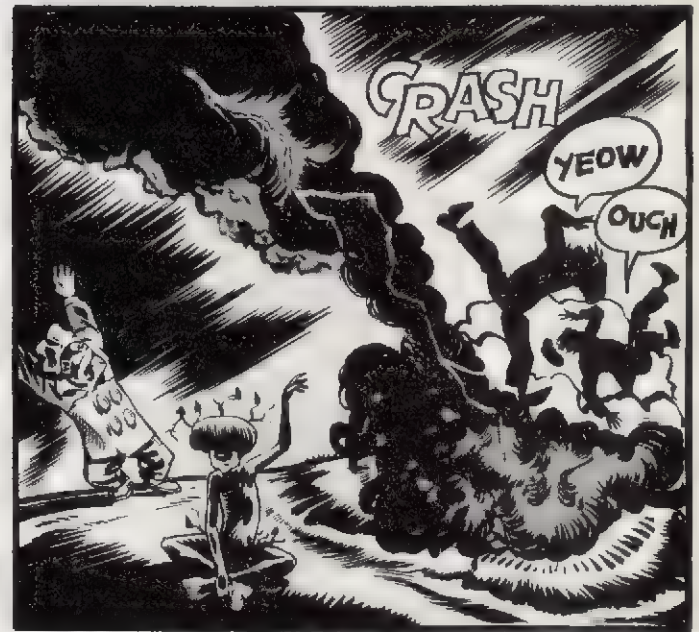
h, words cannot fully express what a wondrous thing is a big city...especially to a nature boy like Cromlech. Well.... by evening the young wanderer was tired, as you can imagine... and he was hungry.

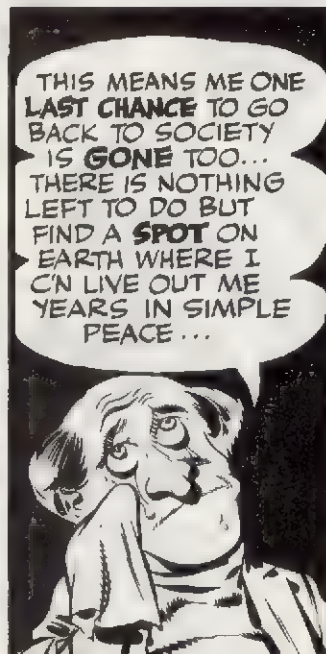
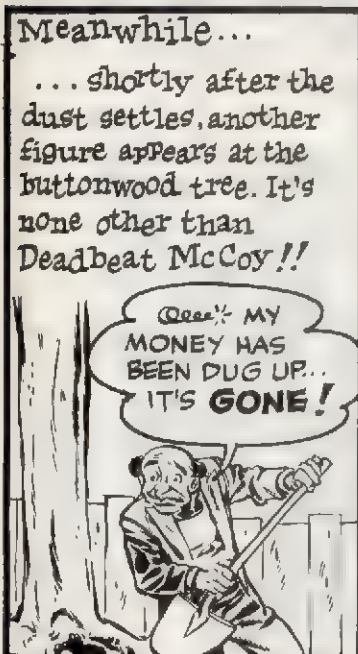


**M**eanwhile : Let us retrace our steps and follow the two freed convicts as they view Central City.... for the first time in 15 years.

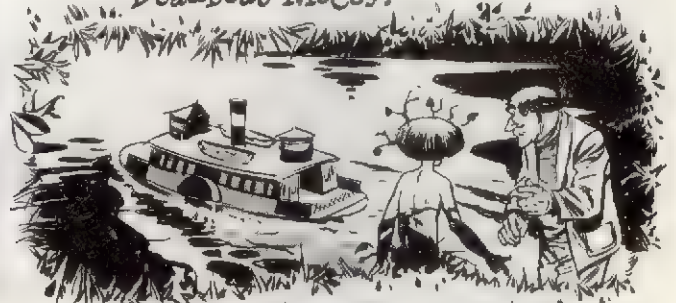








And so... that very night...  
as the river ferry paused at  
Lost Landing... two people  
disembarked... one was a  
nature boy... the other,  
Deadbeat McCoy.





★★★★★ EDITION  
BY WILL FISHER

Daily

# THE SPIRIT

AND STILL THEY COME!



## WAR BRIDES

Central City (B.P.) Every new ship arrival from Europe brings at least one or two war brides, this paper learned today. The State Department has on hand hundreds of requests from ex-G.I.'s who expect brides or fiancées met while on duty in Europe. The effects of this situation, in the opinion of some expert observers, may present a serious problem.

**BUT...** THEIR ARMY LIFE IS BUT A MEMORY---THEY HAVE PICKED UP THE THREADS OF THEIR INDIVIDUAL CAREERS...AND ONCE AGAIN WE CAN FIND MEN READJUSTED AND HAPPY IN THEIR WORK.... i.e.... viz....

**BUT...** THEIR ARMY LIFE IS BUT A MEMORY---THEY HAVE PICKED UP THE THREADS OF THEIR INDIVIDUAL CAREERS...AND ONCE AGAIN WE CAN FIND MEN READJUSTED AND HAPPY IN THEIR WORK.... i.e.... viz....

...WHY DON'T  
HE BRING HER  
OVER LIKE  
THESE WAR  
BRIDES..?

SHHH...  
Y'  
WANT  
**HE**  
SHOULD  
HEAR  
YUH?

YOU TWO LAZY BUMS.  
GOT NUTHIN' TO DO  
BUT GOSSIP..?

... FROM THE **FBI.!**

AN FBI. MAN... A SPY... A TRAITOR IN ME OWN RANKS...

**BANG**

**BANG**

**BANG**

ONE  
HOUR  
LATER...  
POLICE  
HEADQUARTERS...

**HEY LOOK!**

**DEAD... THIS IS THE  
FOURTH F.B.I. MAN TO GO  
OUT AFTER HOMACYDE  
AND COME BACK  
THIS WAY...**

WHY NOT PICK UP HOMACYDE, DOLAN?

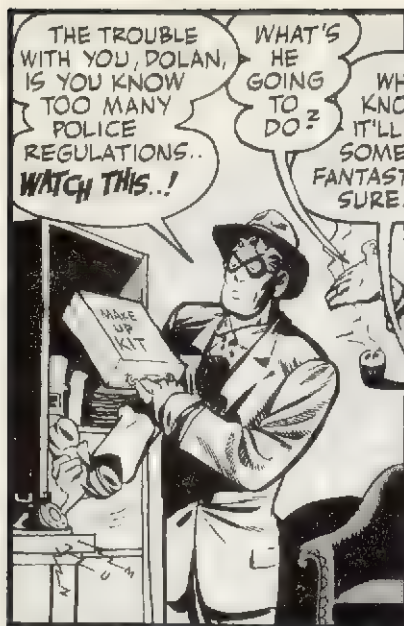
DON'T BE SILLY,  
SPIRIT... WE  
HAVEN'T GOT  
A THING ON  
HIM! WHY, HIS  
LAWYER'D BE  
DOWN HERE IN  
TEN MINUTES  
WITH A  
WRIT!

GASP

★★★★ EDITION

**SPIRIT CAPTIVE**

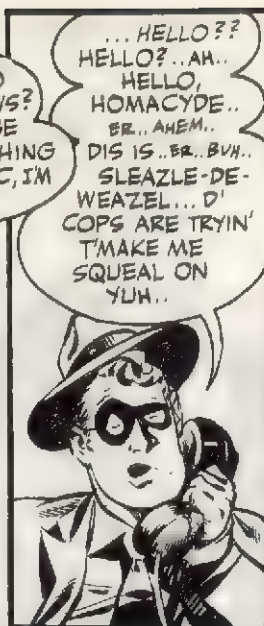
AND STILL THEY COME



THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, DOLAN, IS YOU KNOW TOO MANY POLICE REGULATIONS.. **WATCH THIS..!**

WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO?

WHO KNOWS? IT'LL BE SOMETHING FANTASTIC, I'M SURE..

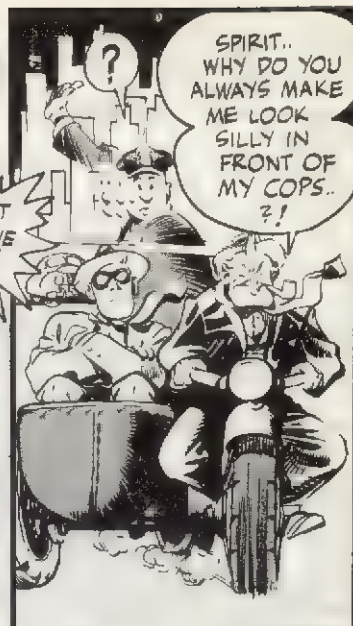


...HELLO?? HELLO?..AH.. HELLO, HOMACYDE.. BR.. AH.. DIS IS..BR..BUH.. SLEAZLE-DE-WEAZEL... D! COPS ARE TRYIN' T'MAKE ME SQUEAL ON YUH..



? Hsst.. GET A MOTORCYCLE AND SIDECAR, DOLAN.. **HURRY!**

MEET ME AT 10TH AND VINE ..BR..IN THE ALLEY...



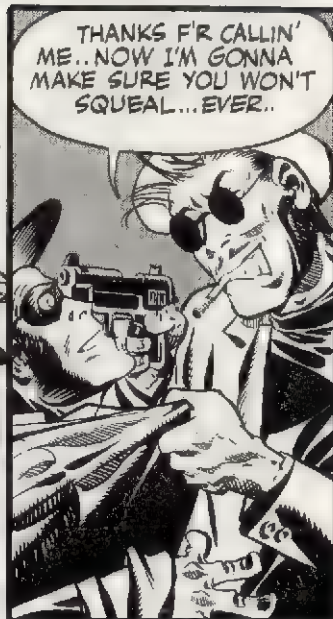
? SPIRIT.. WHY DO YOU ALWAYS MAKE ME LOOK SILLY IN FRONT OF MY COPS.. ?!



AND SO...

Hsst.. HOMACYDE

COME A LITTLE CLOSER, WEAZEL..



THANKS F'R CALLIN' ME..NOW I'M GONNA MAKE SURE YOU WON'T SQUEAL...EVER..



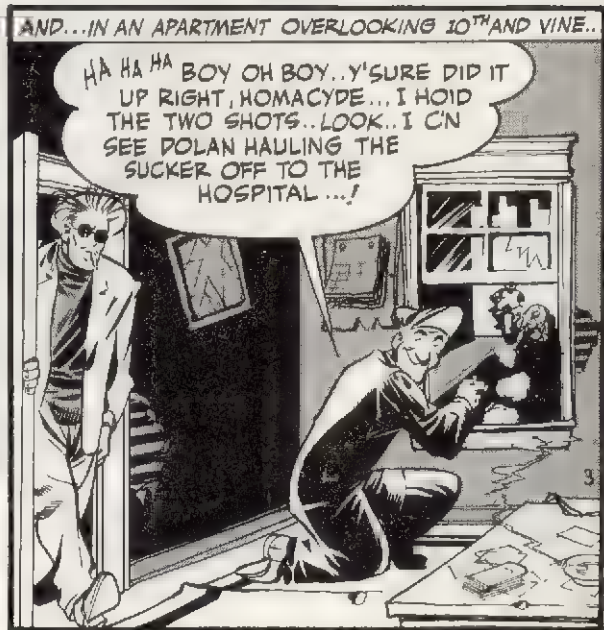
BANG

BANG



HERE TAKE HIM BACK TO HEADQUARTERS, DOLAN... AND IF ANYONE ASKS YOU, THE SPIRIT WAS SHOT WHILE TRYING TO CAPTURE HOMACYDE... GET IT?

**NOW** I GET IT.. HA HA HA HA



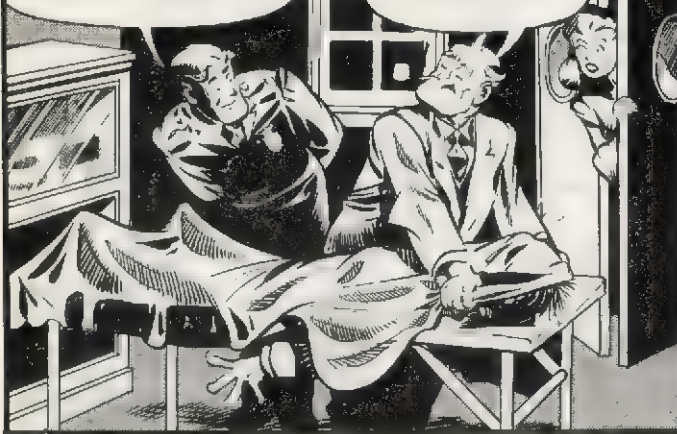
AND...IN AN APARTMENT OVERLOOKING 10TH AND VINE..

HA HA HA BOY OH BOY..Y'SURE DID IT UP RIGHT, HOMACYDE... I HOID THE TWO SHOTS..LOOK..I C'N SEE DOLAN HAULING THE SUCKER OFF TO THE HOSPITAL...!

POLICE HEADQUARTERS..

HEY.. COMMISSIONER DOLAN... **THAT'S** HOMACYDE... I THOUGHT WE DIDN'T..

ER... AHM... YOU ARE GROSSLY MISTAKEN, KLINK... **IT IS THE SPIRIT!**... HE WAS.. ER... WOUNDED IN A FIGHT WITH HOMACYDE!



BUT MEANWHILE... LET US RETURN TO THE HIDEOUT OF HOMACYDE... ER.. THAT IS, WHAT HIS GANG THINKS IS HOMACYDE

BUT HOMACYDE... WHY DO YA WANNA LOOK OVER THE RECORDS ??

**SHADDAP**



HONEST, THE BOSS IS ACKTIN' MIGHTY PECULIAR...

MAYBE HE'S STILL IN LOVE... NOW THAT GAL HE MET IN THE BALKANS... I BEEN READIN' ABOUT THEM 'OO WAR BRIDES..



DADDY... OH. DADDY, WHAT HAPPENED...? I HEARD YOU SAY THAT... THE SPIRIT...

YOU HEARD CORRECTLY! NOW, ELLEN, GO HOME... NOTHING WE CAN DO.. WE HAVE NO PROOF AGAINST HOMACYDE..



SNIFF... NO EVIDENCE, EH? THE TROUBLE WITH THOSE COPS IS THEY PLAY ACCORDING TO THE RULES... WELL... I'LL SHOW THEM! I'LL GET PROOF **MY WAY!**



**DOLLINK!!**  
I AM HERE !!  
IT IS YOUR KRETCHMA!

**SLAM**



**DOLLINK...** DUN'T YOU REMEMBER ME.. **KRETCHMA!** WAN YOU DESORTED THE YEW HASS ARMY TO DEAL IN BLACK MOKKIT YOU ARE SAYINK.. QVOTE.. KRETCHY DOLLINK, FLY WIT'ME TO SANTRIL CITY... REMEMBER HOW WE ARE SELLING G.I. RATINGS...

**HO HO HO..**  
YOU LEETLE DAVVIL YOU!



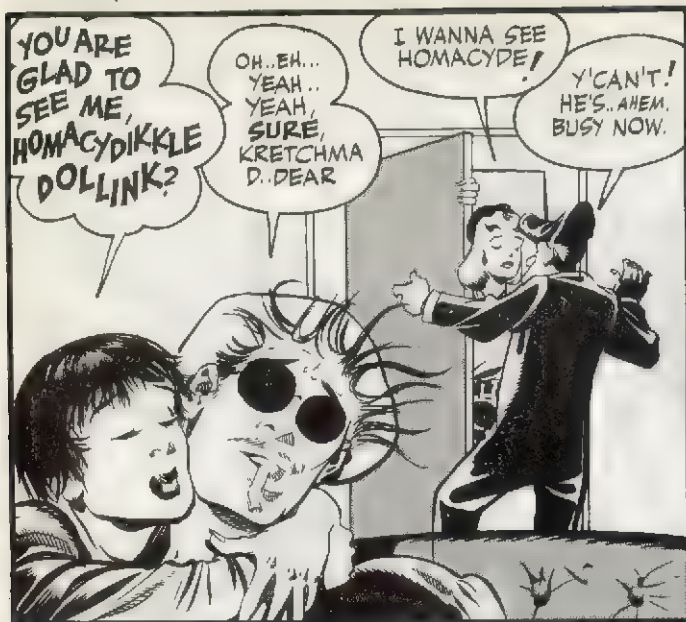
HEH.. HEH... HEH... **GREAT..** GULP.. WHAT KEPT YOU SO LONG...?

OH.. THE ROSSIANS ARREST ME BECUS' I AM KILLING COUPLE SOLDIERS.. SO I GO TO SIBERIA.. LAST WEEK I ESCAPE.. NOW I AM HERE.. **DOLLINK!**

GEE.. AINT THAT SWEET!

AH LOVE.. TOOJOOR LAMOOR TOJOOR AS THE FRENCH SAY..

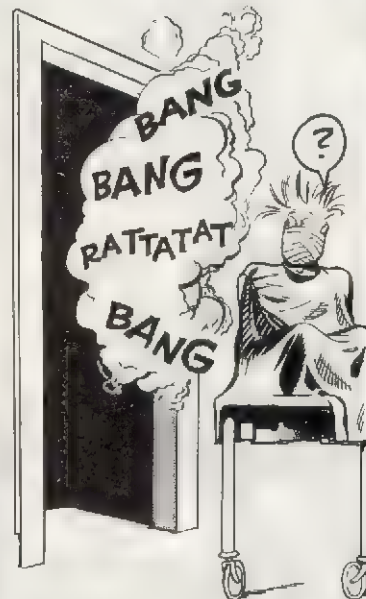
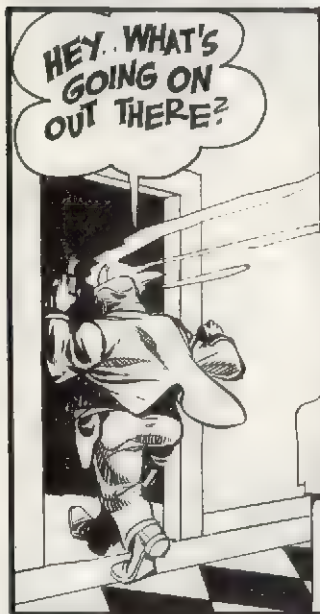
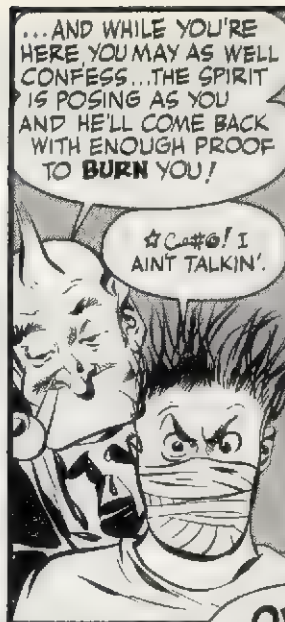




...AND WHILE THE SPIRIT  
GROWS A FINE SET OF  
AGGRAVATED ULCERS,  
LET US RETURN

**MEANWHILE....**

TO  
POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



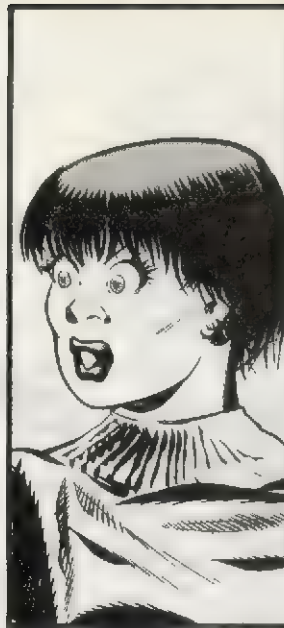
BACK AT THE HIDEOUT...

HAW HAW  
THOUGHT YOU WUZ  
SMART..EH? WHEN  
HOMACYDE GITS  
BACK HERE,WE'RE  
GONNA..



HYA,  
KRECHMA  
WHERE'S  
HOMACYDE  
?

MUMBLE MUMBLE  
I CAN'T GO  
BECK TO  
TRACTOR  
FACTORY IN  
BALKANS..  
..STRASHNYE!  
IF ONLY HE WAS  
HALF THE MAN..



HMMMMMM..  
COULD  
BE...

DON'T  
YOU  
DARE  
KISS  
HIM!!



STOP  
STOP THAT  
STOP THAT  
STOP..



HOO-HAH  
NOW THIS IS  
WHAT I AM  
CALLING A  
MAN!



WHY, YOU DOUBLE-  
CROSSIN' DAME  
...Y'LEFT  
HOMACYDE IN  
THE LURCH.

SHARDOPP,  
NOGOODNIK!



COME, DOLLINK,  
WE GET  
MARRIED!!



WAIT A MINIT, KRECHMA  
DEAR...!

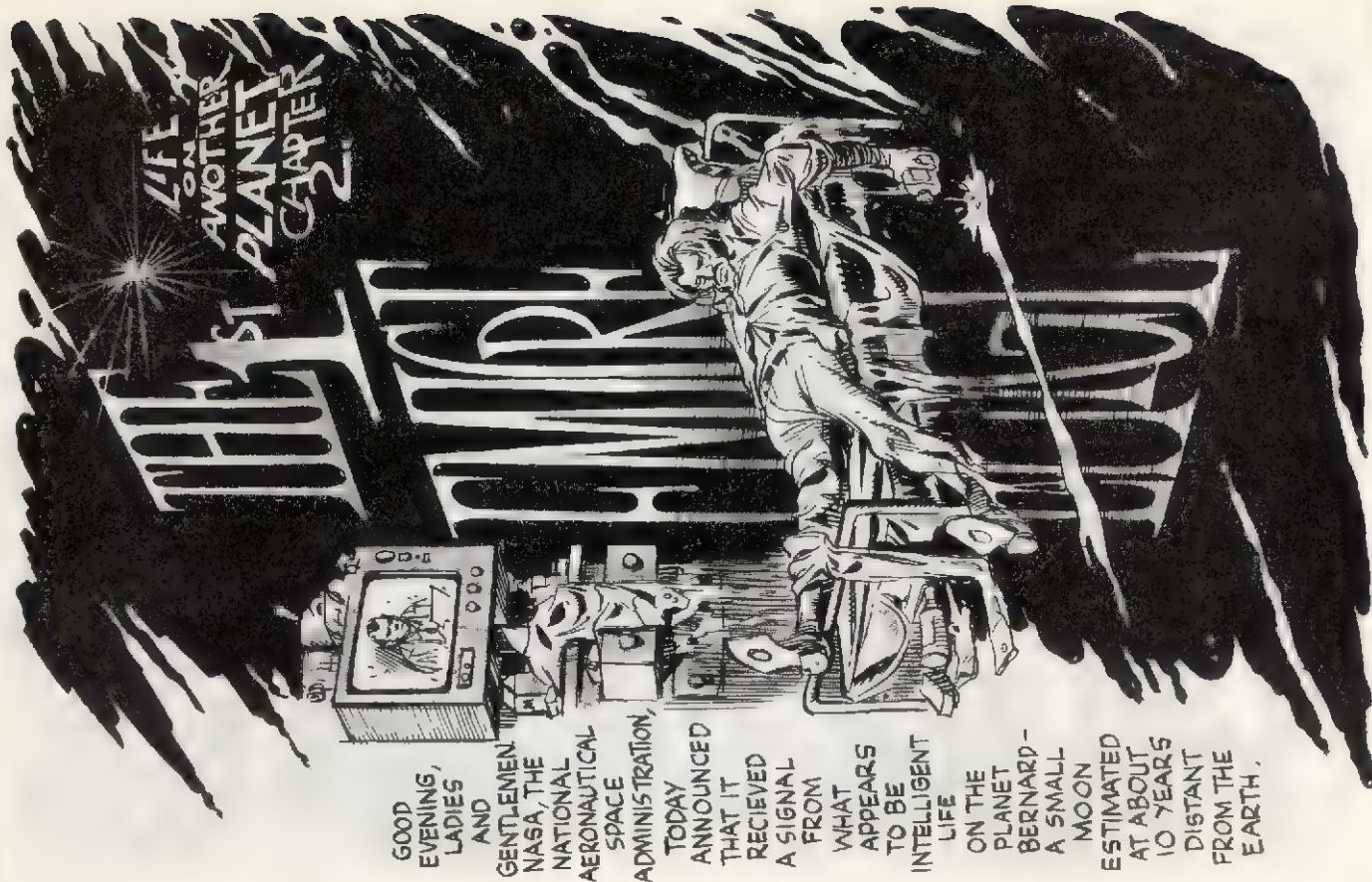


BAM



UNWANTED-  
WAR-BRIDES-  
TO-  
BE RETURN TO  
HOPE

...AND BACK THEY GO!

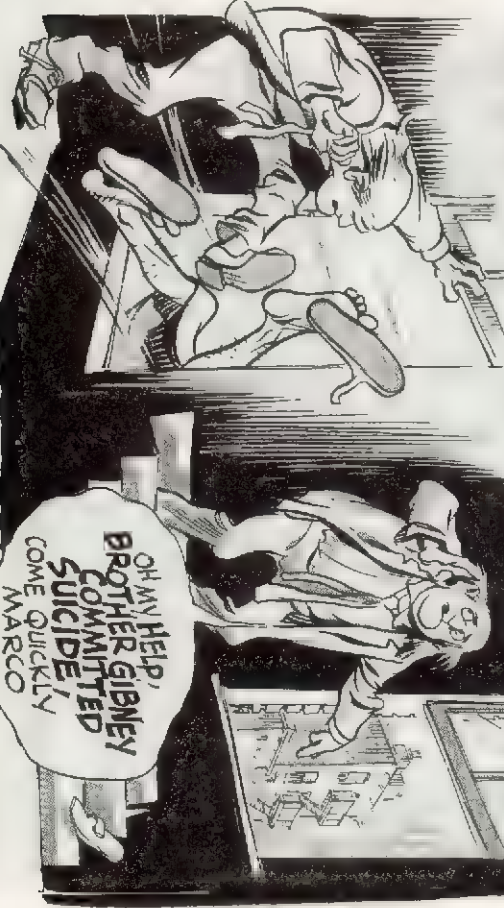


THE REPORT, WHICH THE ADMINISTRATION HAS TRIED TO KEEP SECRET ON GROUNDS OF NATIONAL SECURITY HAS BEEN LEAKED TO THE PRESS CAUSING THE SPACE AGENCY TO FINALLY CONFIRM WHAT COULD BE THE MOST SIGNIFICANT DEVELOPMENT IN THE HISTORY OF MANKIND, HERE, IN THE GBC STUDIOS WE HAVE DR. AMOS GAWLT, EMINENT ASTRONOMER, TO GIVE US SOME INSIGHT.

DR. GAWLT, WHAT KIND OF SIGNAL DID WE RECEIVE?

.....

ACTUALLY, WHAT MESA, OUR TRACKING STATION PICKED UP WAS A SERIES OF MATHEMATICAL EQUATIONS...





WE ONLY ASSUME WE'RE GETTING A SIGNAL BECAUSE THEY WERE REPEATED OVER AND OVER... THREE TIMES, I BELIEVE...

GIVEN THE FACT THAT THIS IS A SIGNAL, THEN WE CAN CONCLUDE THERE IS AN INTELLIGENCE - INDEED, SOME INTELLIGENT LIFE TRYING TO COMMUNICATE WITH US.

HMM... THEN, DR. GAWLT, WHAT IS THE NEXT STEP?

WELL, ALL WE CAN DO AT THIS TIME IS SEND THAT SIGNAL BACK... THIS WILL TELL WHOEVER IS UP THERE THAT WE RECEIVED IT AND HOPEFULLY ESTABLISH A PRIMARY CONTACT.

BUT, DR. GAWLT, CAN'T WE SEND A SPACE PROBE UP THERE?



WE HAVE  
PROBED MARS  
AND VENUS -  
WHY NOT THIS?

NOT QUITE!  
YOU SEE,  
THE STAR  
BERNARD  
IS ABOUT 10  
YEARS  
DISTANT  
BY OUR  
PRESENT  
TECHNOLOGY,  
ASSUMING  
WE COULD  
SEND A  
LAND AND  
RETURN  
VEHICLE OF,  
SAY, THE TYPE  
USED ON  
THE MOON,  
IT WOULD  
BE ABOUT  
20 YEARS  
BEFORE IT  
RETURNED  
TO EARTH,  
EVEN SO,  
THE IDEA  
OF RISKING  
HUMANS  
IN SUCH  
A PROBE  
IS QUITE  
UNTHINKABLE.

THANK YOU,  
DR. GAWLT,  
WE HAVE  
ALSO, IN OUR  
STUDIO, AN  
INTERNATIONALLY  
FAMOUS  
THEOLOGIAN -  
DR. MARTIN  
BLUTH...

THERE, NOW, MARCO... LIE  
DOWN... I'LL GET YOU SOME  
COFFEE.

OH DEAR WHAT A  
MESS... AND ALL THESE  
PAPERS... YOU'RE A  
WRITER??

DOOH!  
MY HEAD...  
WHO IS THAT  
TALKING??  
WHAT'S  
HE SAYING?

THIS IS IT!  
THIS IS THE  
WAY OUT...  
I WILL LEAVE  
THIS PUTRID  
PLANET

I, MARCO,  
WILL LEAD  
YOU TO THE  
PROMISED  
LAND!  
YES... THIS  
IS THE  
CALL...  
WE MUST  
GET  
READY!

DON'T WORRY  
BLUDD... WE'LL GIVE  
YOU COVER... BESIDES  
THOSE SOVIET AGENTS  
LEFT YOU FOR DEAD  
IN THAT FIRE BACK IN  
NEW MEXICO... IT'S  
A PIECE OF CAKE!

WELL, BLUDD  
WERE OFF FOR BERLIN!  
YOU'LL LIKE IT... GOOD  
FOOD, NIGHT LIFE...  
I KNOW MY WAY AROUND  
TOWN.

SOUNDS  
GOOD  
...SO FAR,  
TOMKINS.

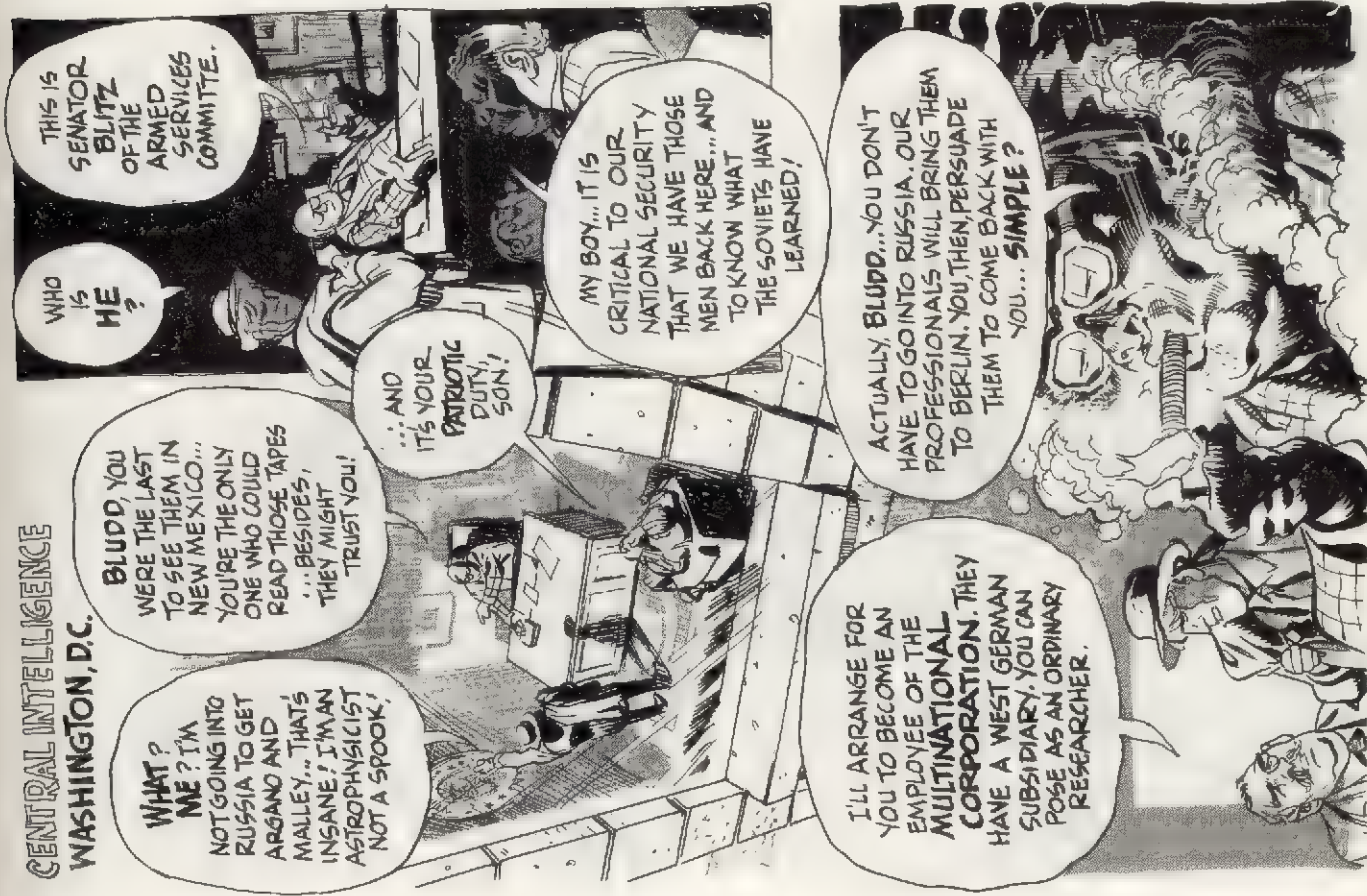
JOIN US  
JOIN  
THE  
STAR PEOPLE

TWO DAYS LATER... NEW YORK

THIS IS MR. BLUDD,  
A NEW MEMBER OF  
MULTINATIONAL... HE'LL  
BE PART OF YOUR TEAM  
IN GERMANY... YOU'LL  
BE HIS AIDE  
TOMKINS!

AHH  
WELCOME  
ABOARD!  
...YOU'LL  
LIKE  
WORKING  
FOR  
OLD  
MULTI!





DR. BLUTH... AS A CLERGYMAN WHAT DO YOU THINK THE RELIGIOUS SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS DEVELOPMENT WILL BE? ... WELL, IT IS RATHER HARD TO GIVE A SIMPLE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION, I DON'T SEE HOW A DISCOVERY OF AN INTELLIGENT LIFE FORM ON ANOTHER PLANET CAN DO ANY MORE THAN REINFORCE OUR BELIEF ... OUR FAITH IN GOD, AFTER ALL, THESE CREATURES -WHATEVER THEIR SHAPE- ARE STILL CHILDREN OF THE ALMIGHTY, THEIR AWARENESS OF GOD, AND HOW OR IF THEY WORSHIP IS ANOTHER MATTER.



WELL, WE ARE NOW AT THE END OF A LONG DAY OF BROADCASTING AND COVERAGE OF THE SPACE AGE'S MOST STARTLING NEWS... WE NOW TAKE YOU TO WASHINGTON, D.C. FOR A STATEMENT BY THE WHITE HOUSE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES... GOOD EVENING, MY FELLOW AMERICANS, AT A MEETING OF OUR NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISORS IN MY OFFICE TODAY IT WAS DECIDED TO IMPLEMENT A PROGRAM WHICH WOULD RESPOND TO THE RECENT SIGNAL FROM SPACE.





I MUST POINT OUT, HOWEVER, THAT WE CANNOT HOPE FOR ANY SHORT TERM ANSWERS TO THIS VERY CHALLENGING DEVELOPMENT, INDEED, ANY RESPONSE TO PROBING BY OUR SCIENTISTS MIGHT WELL BE MANY YEARS AWAY, THERE IS NO NEED FOR SPECULATION OR OTHER ACTION THAN THAT WHICH NASA HAS UNDERTAKEN, I HAVE ASKED THE OTHER GREAT NATIONS, PARTICULARLY THE SOVIET UNION TO JOIN US IN A UNITED PROGRAM TO EXTEND OVER THE NEXT TEN YEARS, MEANWHILE, I URGE YOU, MY FELLOW CITIZENS, TO PROCEED WITH OUR COMMON EFFORT TO SOLVE INTERNATIONAL AND DOMESTIC PROBLEMS, GOOD EVENING TO YOU ALL,



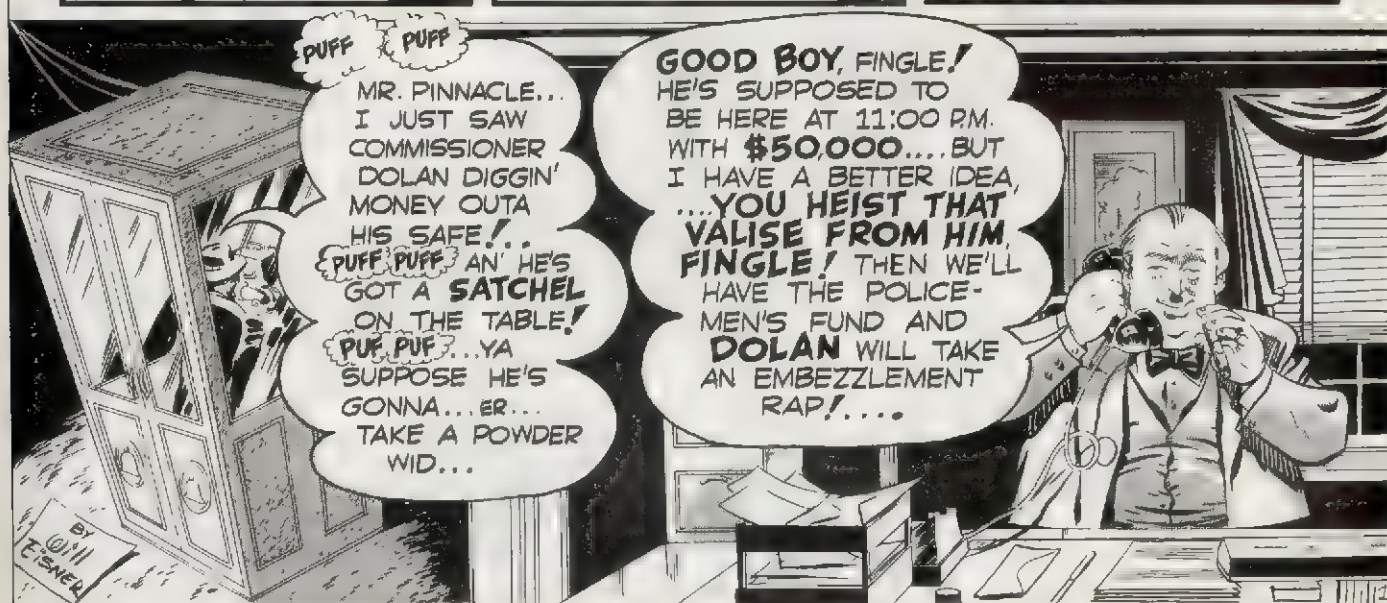
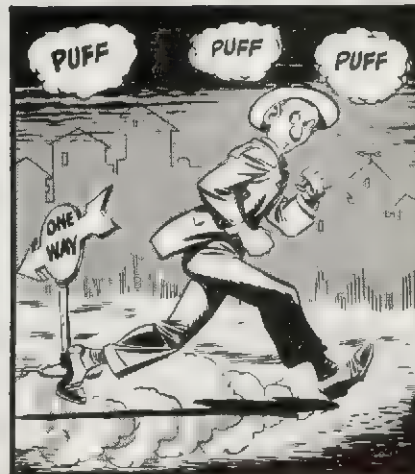
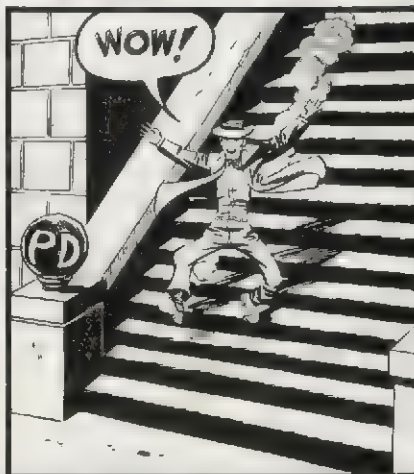
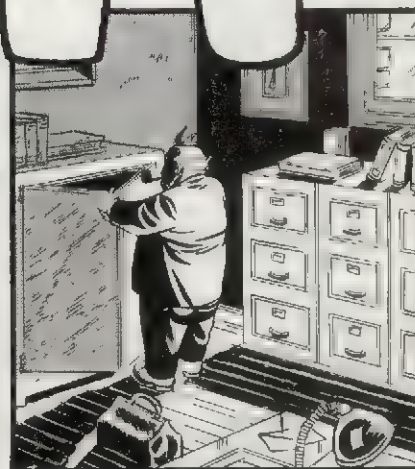


# TIME BOMB

THE

# SPIRIT

BY WIN EISNER



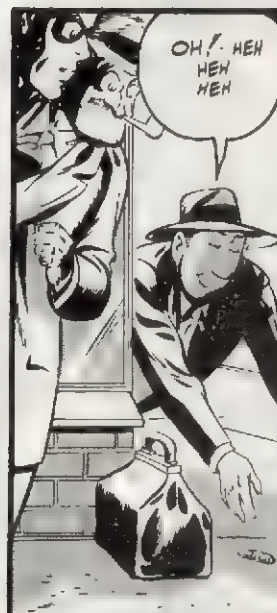
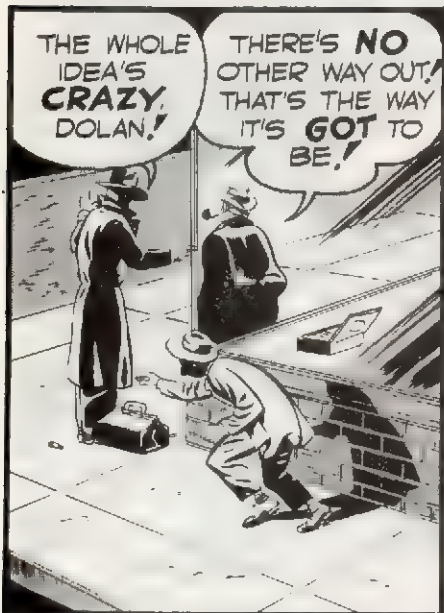
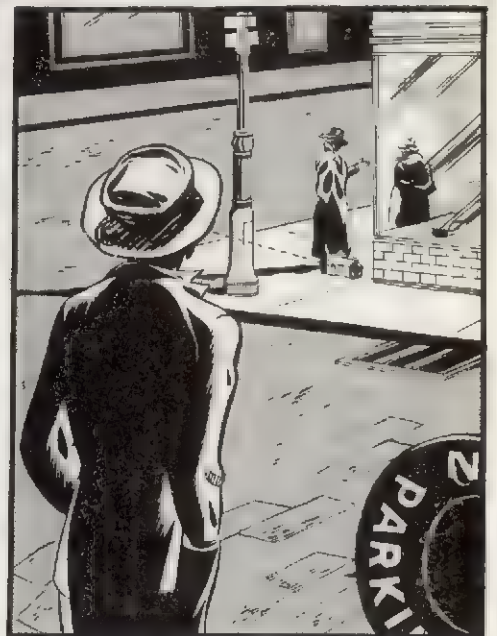
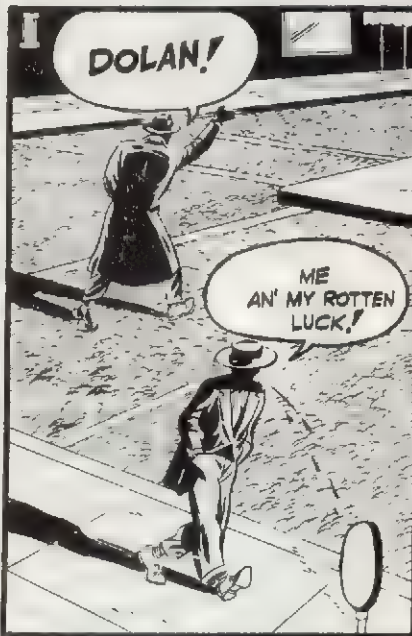
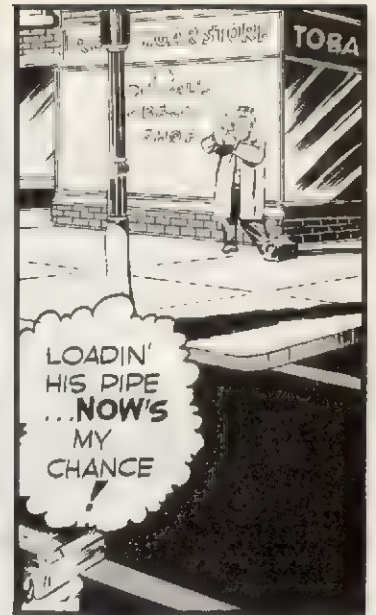
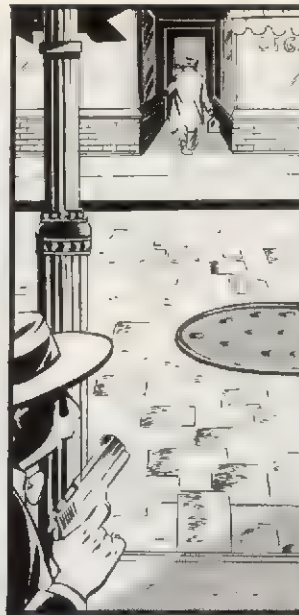
PUFF PUFF

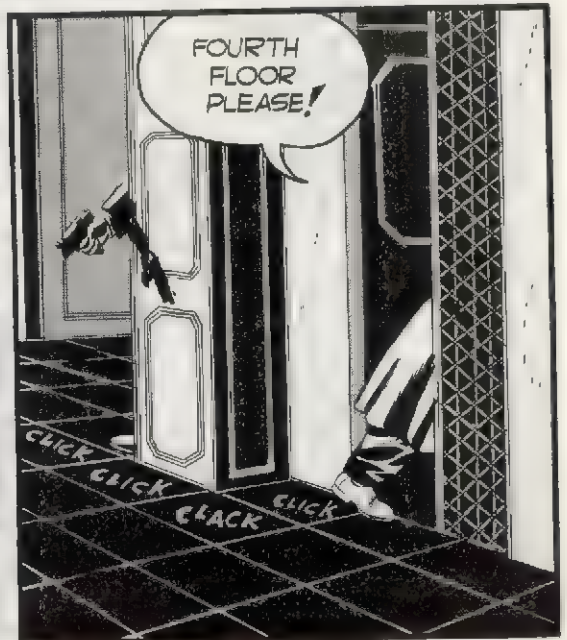
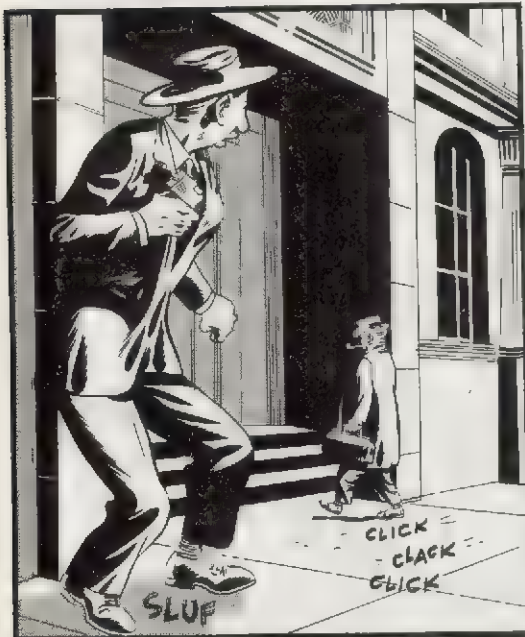
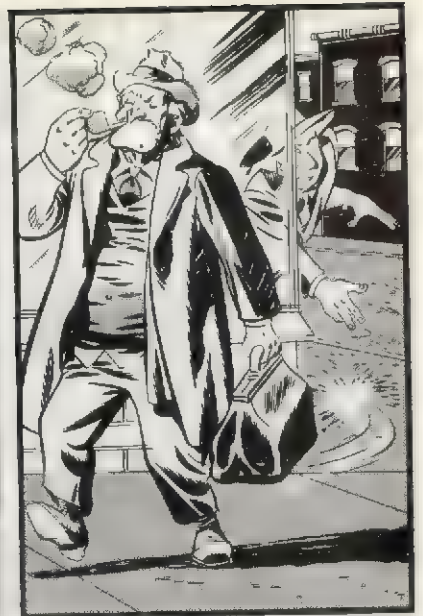
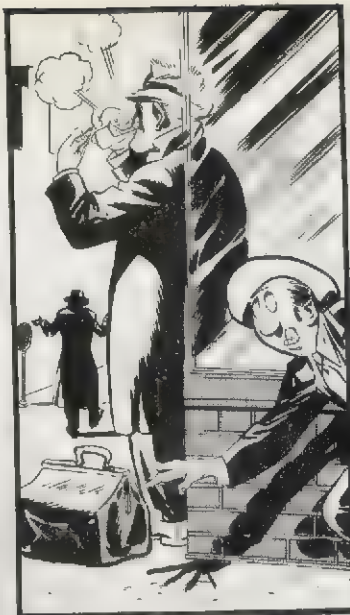
MR. PINNACLE...  
I JUST SAW  
COMMISSIONER  
DOLAN DIGGIN'  
MONEY OUTA  
HIS SAFE!...

PUFF PUFF AN' HE'S  
GOT A SATCHEL  
ON THE TABLE!

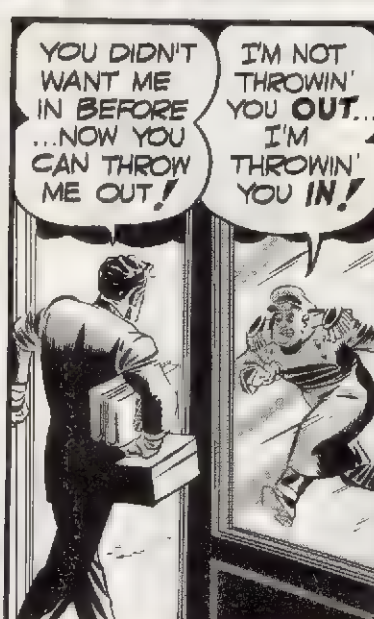
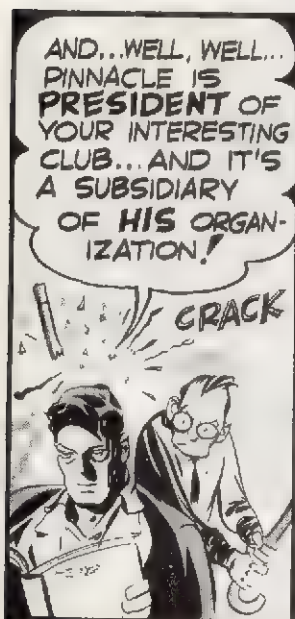
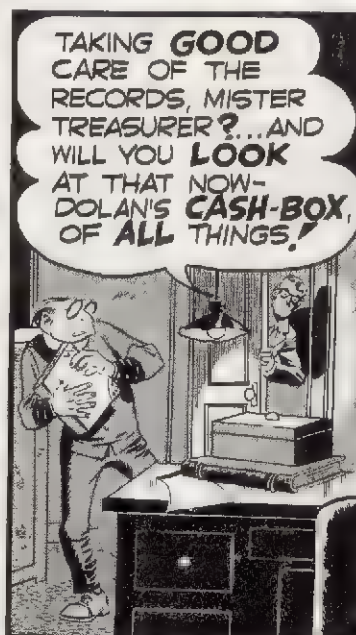
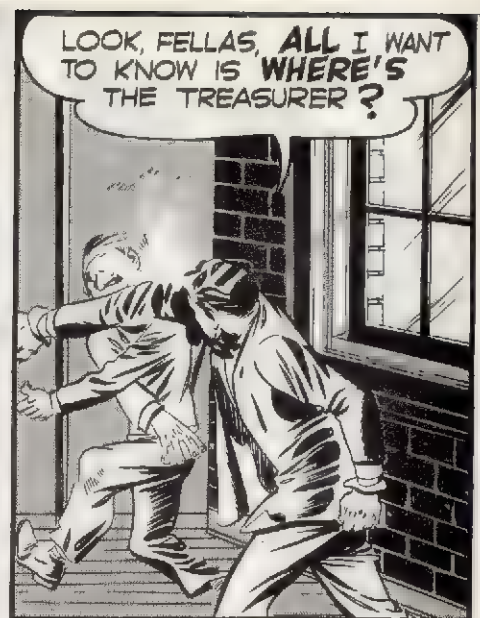
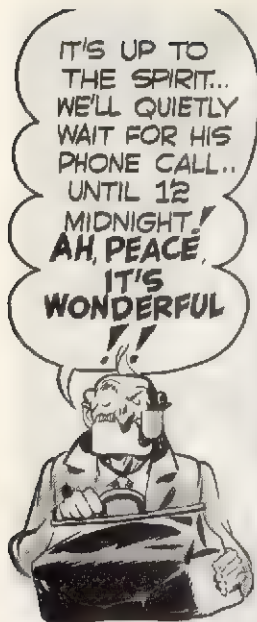
PUF PUF...YA  
SUPPOSE HE'S  
GONNA...ER...  
TAKE A POWDER  
WID...

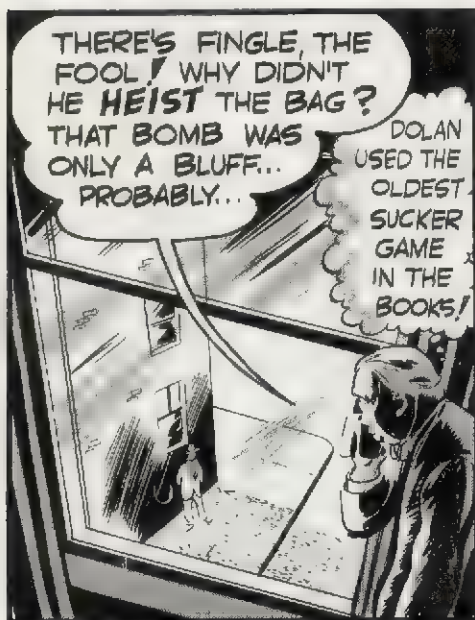
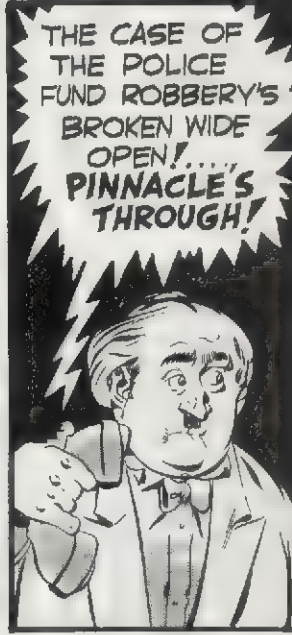
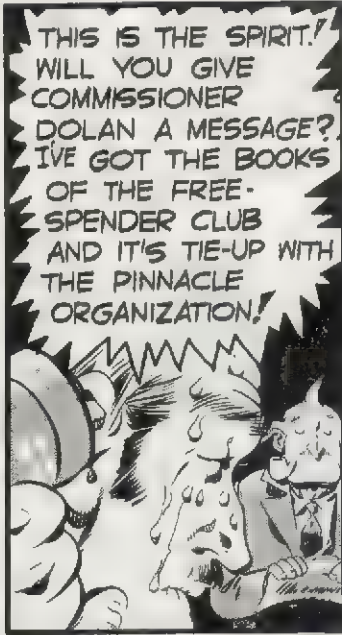
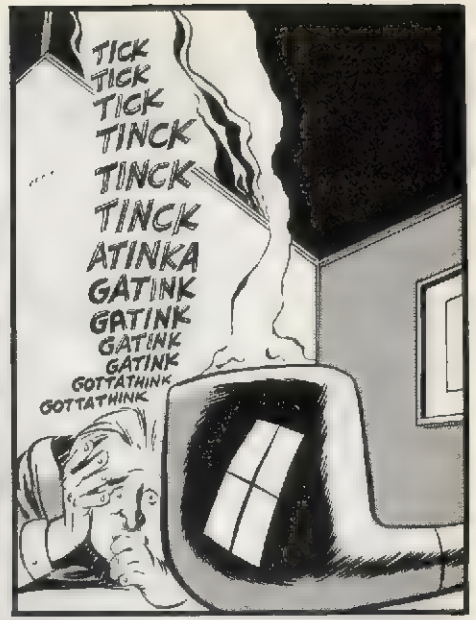
GOOD BOY, FINGLE!  
HE'S SUPPOSED TO  
BE HERE AT 11:00 P.M.  
WITH \$50,000....BUT  
I HAVE A BETTER IDEA,  
...YOU HEIST THAT  
VALISE FROM HIM,  
FINGLE! THEN WE'LL  
HAVE THE POLICE-  
MEN'S FUND AND  
DOLAN WILL TAKE  
AN EMBEZZLEMENT  
RAP!....

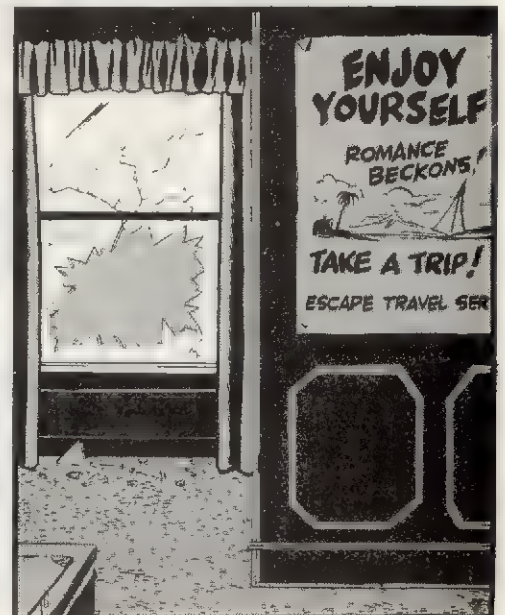
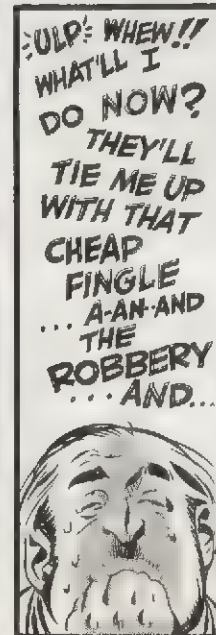
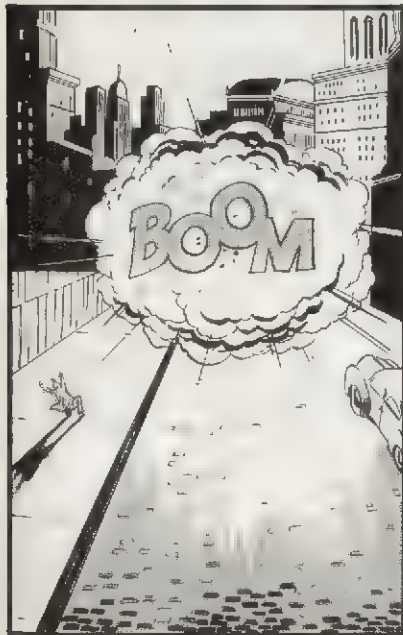
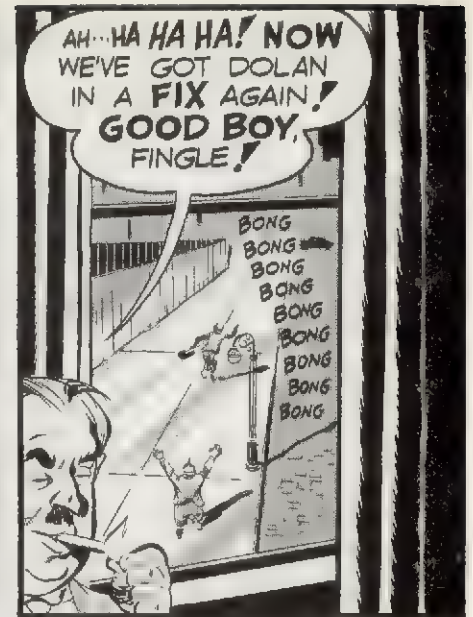
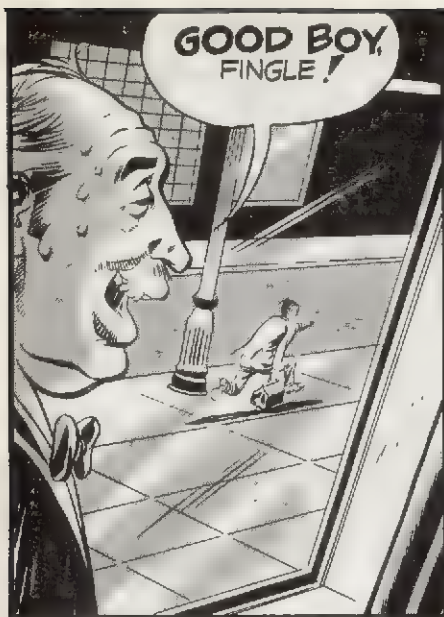












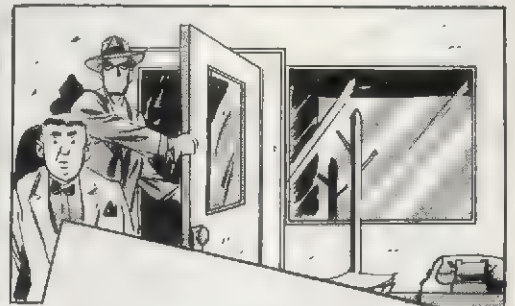
# CENSUS '50

During the month of April, in 1950, the Government of the United States embarked upon the task of "taking the census of the population in this country." By now, all the field reports are in, and the great task of compilation begun, or in some cases already completed.....

We submit, (somewhat late we admit), the report of field man #407... this may well be one of the most important documents of our time....

## the Spirit

BY  
WILL  
EISNER



THAT, SPIRIT, IS THE  
REPORT! IT ARRIVED  
AN HOUR AGO!

HMMM...FROM CENSUS  
TAKER NUMBER 407..  
CENSUS DISTRICT  
NUMBER FIVE,  
CENTRAL CITY..

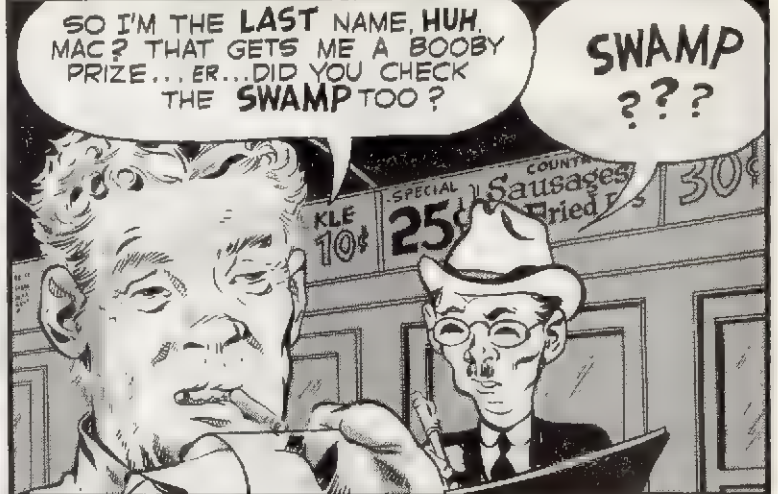


June 27,  
The following are the details of my experience in the attempt to complete the census in District #5. I do not expect that everything I relate will be accepted, for I am unable to provide the facts. I now relate all the incidents as they happened to me. If I am not heard from in 24 hours you may send all my effects to my sister in Chicago.

It began as I was making my last interview in this area.



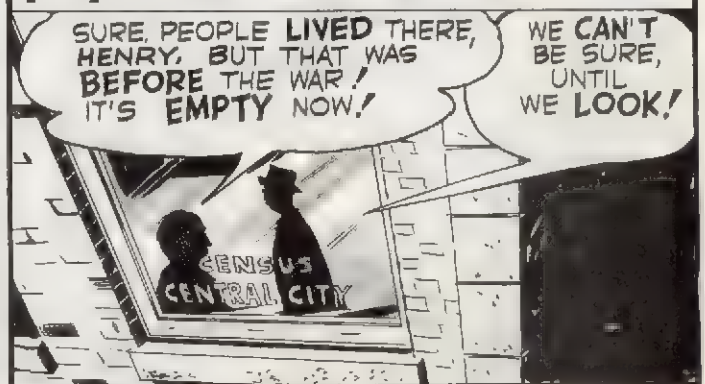
His name was Langtry...and as I completed his listing, he said something that froze my attention.



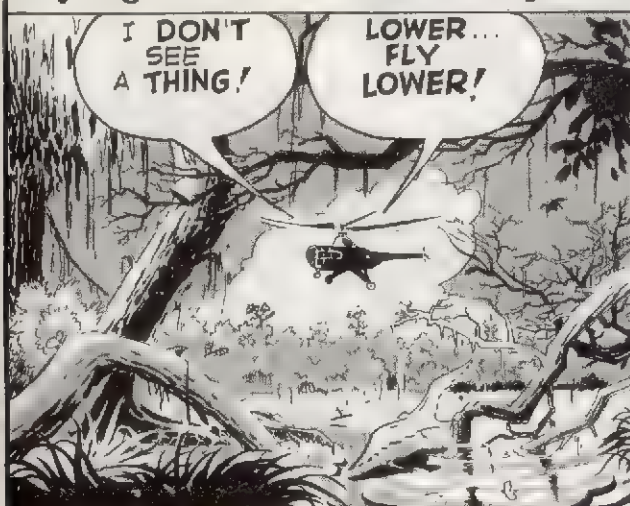
YEAH! THE BAYSHORE SWAMP! I DUNNO ABOUT NOW...BUT YEARS AGO, PEOPLE LIVED THERE! YOU WOULDN'T WANT THEM NOT TO HAVE A CENSUS, WOULD YA? HA HA!..SO Y'BETTER CHECK!



My census district extends from Hillcrest Ave. running south to the bay. The swamp was in there, of course, but it never occurred to me that any people lived out there.

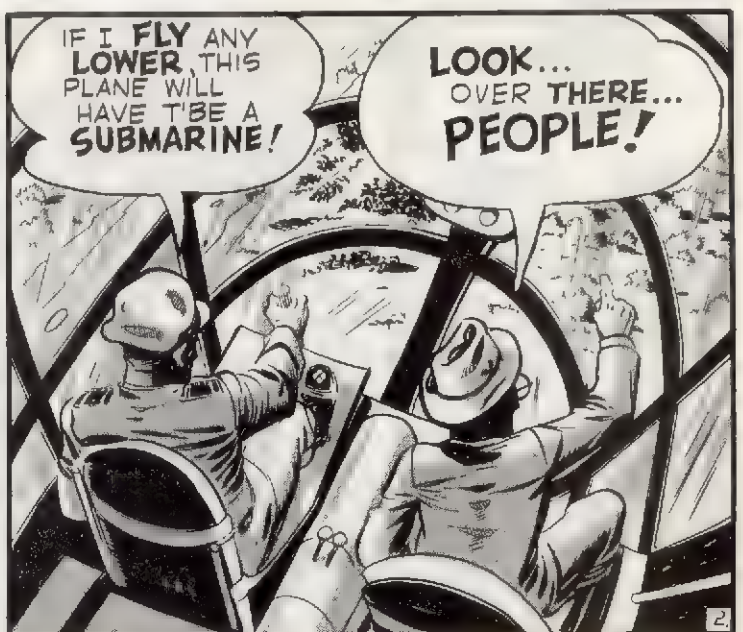


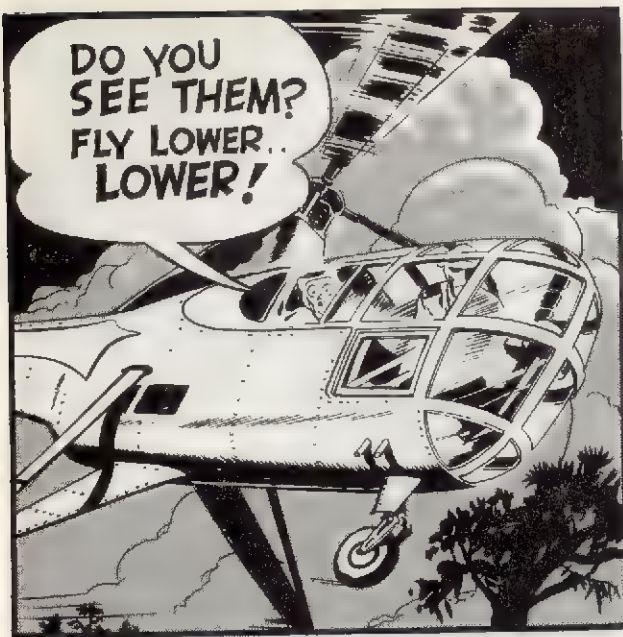
And so the next day, I found myself in a Coast Guard plane flying low over the swamp.



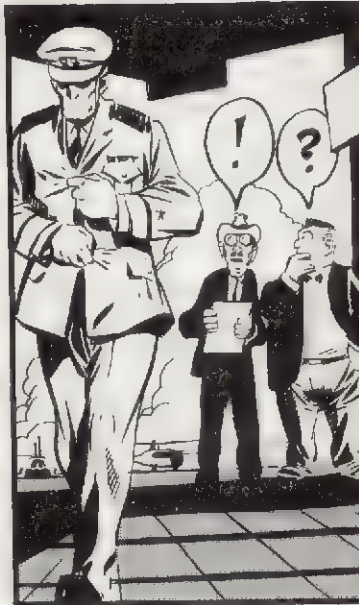
IF I FLY ANY LOWER, THIS PLANE WILL HAVE T'BE A SUBMARINE!

LOOK... OVER THERE... PEOPLE!

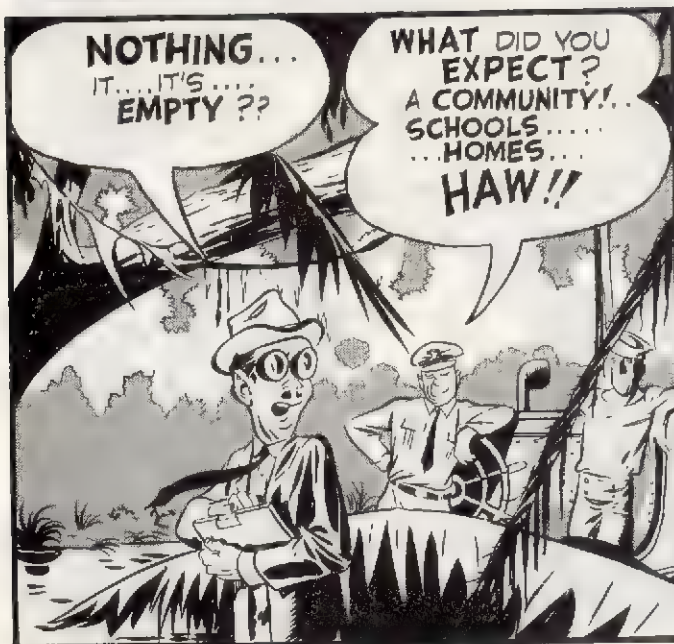




My eyes are not too good. I could only make out their outlines..... On the way home, my pilot was very silent.



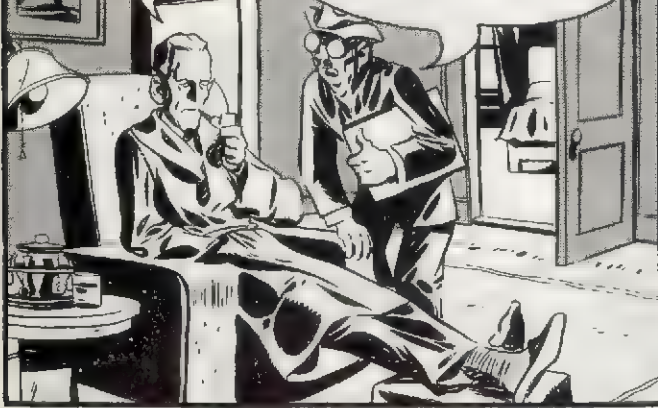
The next day, after much coaxing, I got a Coast Guard launch to take me deep into the swamp.....



That night...

LIE.... WHY  
WOULD I  
LIE?

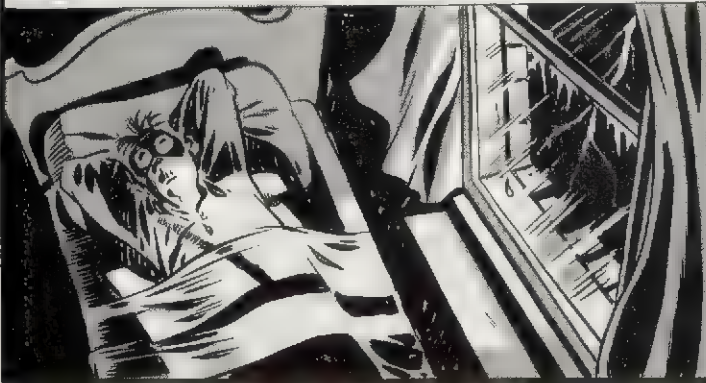
CAPTAIN WILKINS,  
YOU SAW THOSE  
PEOPLE AS WELL AS  
I... NOW COME  
CLEAN, WHAT'S  
GOING ON THERE...  
I'VE GOT TO  
KNOW!



LISTEN....NOW LISTEN T'ME!  
ON FOGGY DAYS YOU SOMETIMES  
SEE THINGS THAT DON'T  
EXIST!... SHAPES CREATED  
BY THE ATMOSPHERE!... YOUR  
EYES WERE PLAYING TRICKS  
ON YOU!... AND TO PROVE  
IT, I'LL FLY YOU OVER  
THAT SWAMP AGAIN  
TOMORROW!!



As I left his apartment, I could not help but have the feeling that Capt. Wilkins was going on that flight with me... just to prove something to himself. That night I did not sleep.



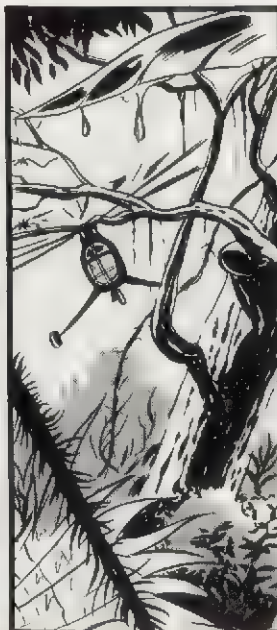
Next day..

THIS WAS THE  
SPOT,  
WASN'T IT?

YES! LOOK  
BELOW! CAN'T  
YOU SEE  
THE PEOPLE?  
YOU MUST  
SEE THEM!

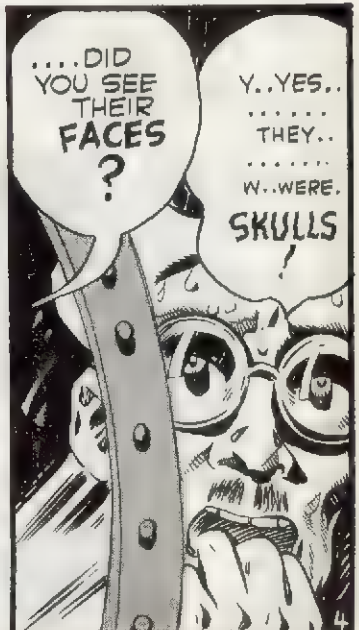


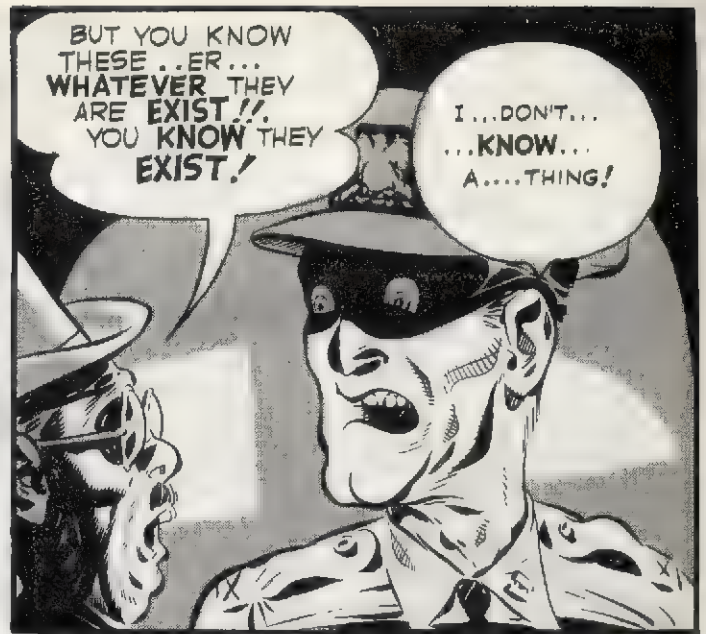
THOSE SHAPES  
DOWN THERE!  
LOOK HARD  
NOW... I'M  
GOING TO  
FLY LOW!  
LOOK HARD!



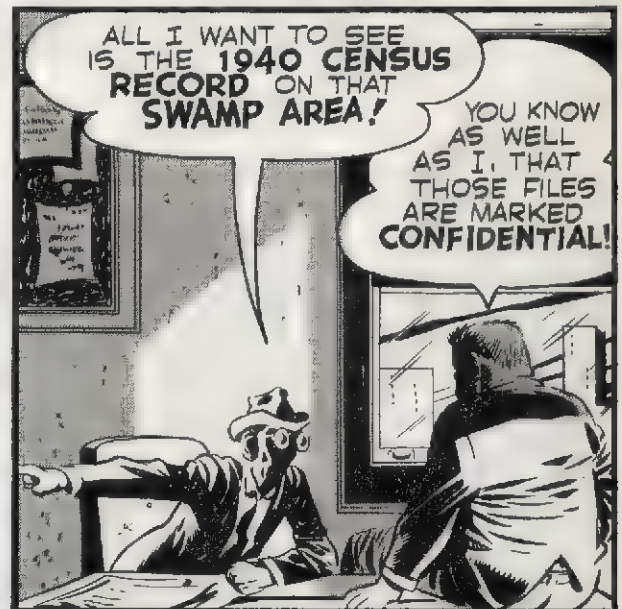
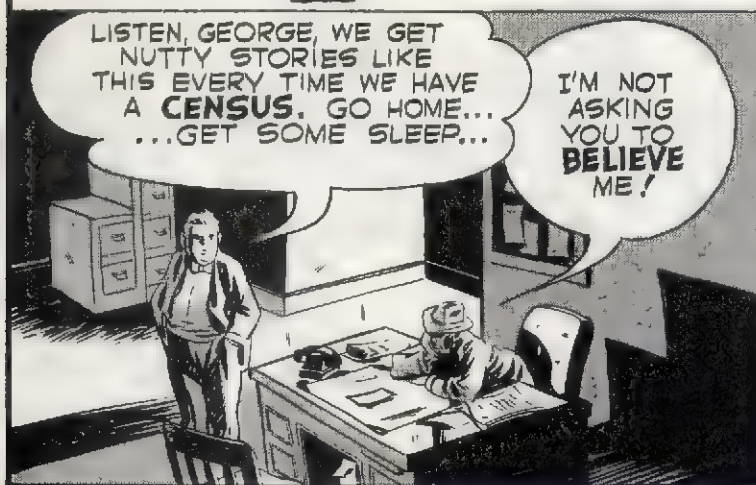
....DID  
YOU SEE  
THEIR  
FACES  
?

Y..YES..  
.....  
THEY..  
.....  
W..WERE.  
SKULLS

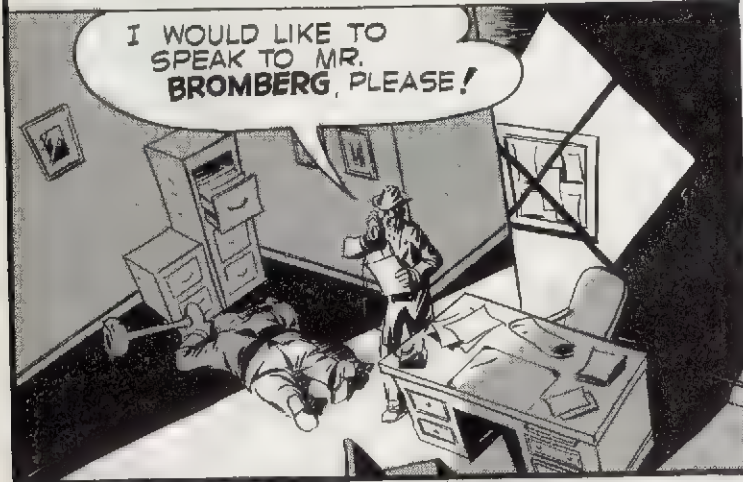




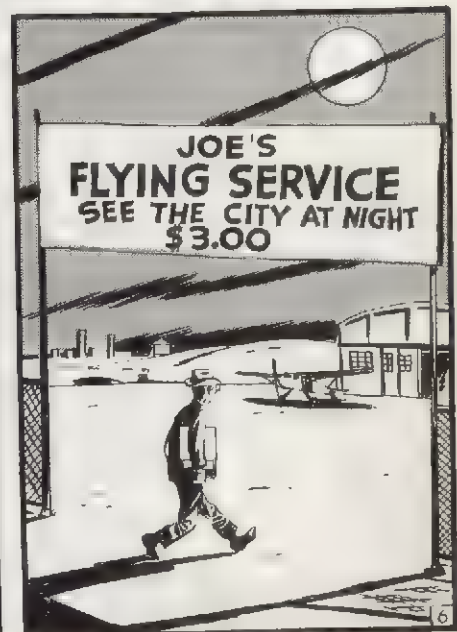
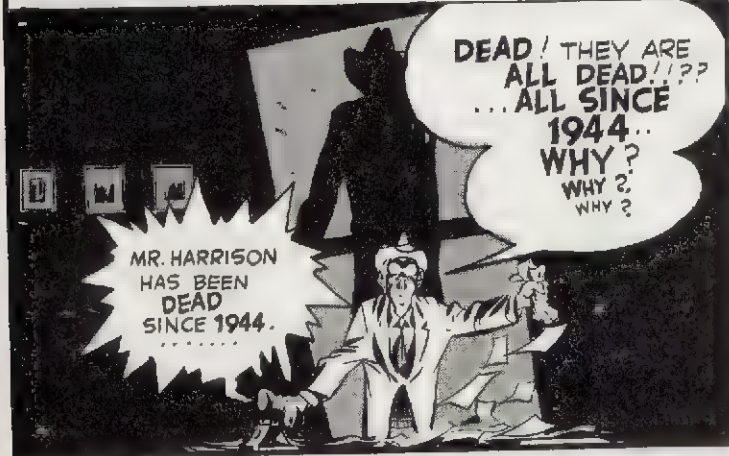
Never before in all my life have I  
been in the grip of such an eerie  
curiosity. I HAD to know the truth.

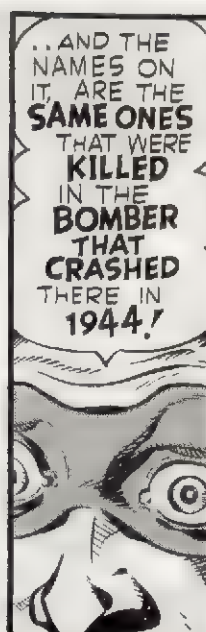
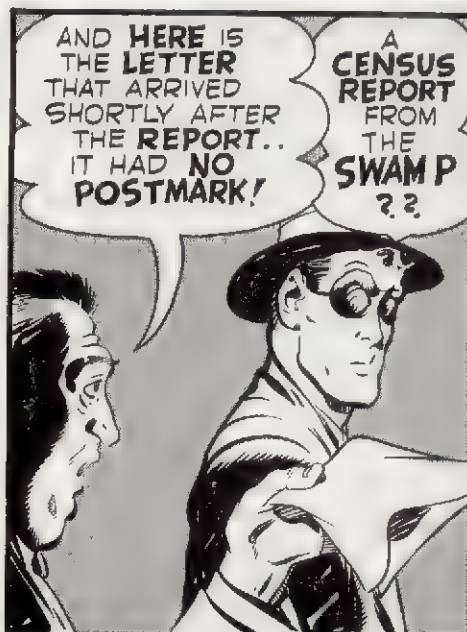
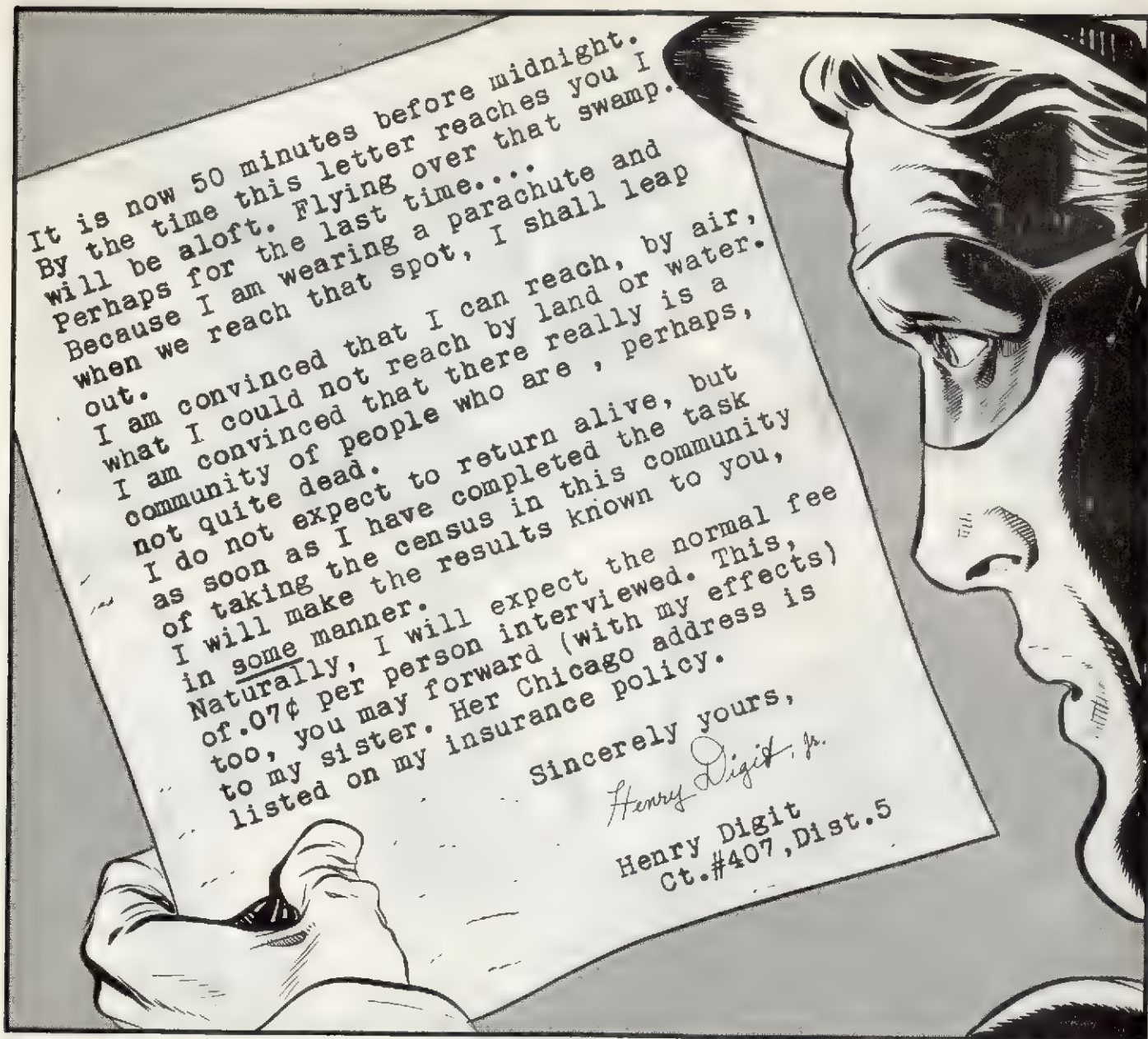


That was the first act of violence I had ever shown in my life. But now it was as though I were crazy, and I had to know...I had to know.



I checked all the names listed on the 1940 census for that area. I called every name in the book.... THEY WERE ALL DEAD.....dead, dead.





# An Intro- duction to the Wally Wood Spirits

By  
Will Eisner



In 1952 I had become enmeshed in the wider use of comics. My discovery, during the war years, of the potential of the comic strip as a tool for teaching and training led to the formation of American Visuals Corporation. This company, begun several years before, had grown so rapidly that the time available to me for working on *The Spirit* had shrunk to a dangerous low.

Despite the assistance of Jules Feiffer, Jerry Grandenetti and other staff people I could hardly find the time to hold up my end - which still consisted of responsibility for the basic story plot, pencilling for inkers, ...or inking over pencils done for me over my primary roughs.

*The Spirit's* newspaper clients were getting restive. The trial and error efforts at finding creative assistance was taking its toll and the style was becoming inconsistent. The obvious was staring me in the face rather than allow the quality to disintegrate (which might hurt my professional reputation, not to mention pride) the better part of valor would dictate that I discontinue the feature. But I was not ready for that yet.

There might be another solution. I called in Wally Wood who at that time was freelancing around the comic book market. He and I had a meeting. Wally was not keen on just doing backgrounds - but he seemed to be intrigued with the idea of "doing" the feature. So I tried a compromise. I would talk out my idea with Feiffer who would then carry it to a stick figure with dialogue script. I would take this and compose the panels and the stagecraft in rough pencils. This would give Wood a firm base upon which he could work.

The first effort, which begins on the next page, was, I thought at the time, terrific. Remarkably, and to Wally's credit, it appears to me now to be very contemporary. Wally produced a sensational piece of work. It looked as though I had a solution. But the euphoria soon vanished. The syndicate, prompted by complaints from client editors soon notified me that "...we were not delivering what the subscribers were paying for." I argued that the product was trying new ground. In 1952, by the way, a space story done in this fashion was ahead of its time. I urged them to go along in the expectation that we had something really new. The syndicate sales people reminded me of a fact of life in the newspaper feature business: you don't radically alter a feature in midstream without losing clients because "this is not what they bought when they signed up!" Once again I learned that innovation or experimentation is not always commercially profitable.

After some push and pull, too irrelevant to recount here, I tried to compromise. We did several more issues, but it didn't work. Wally was most cooperative. He, Jules and I worked very well together. But in the end I was back inking the figures as well as pencilling and Wally was back doing backgrounds... which he did not want to do. It was a short marriage.

In future issues we'll run the rest of the Eisner/Wood stories

# OUTER SPACE



Produced by Will Eisner Productions  
Featuring Denny Colt Alias The Spirit

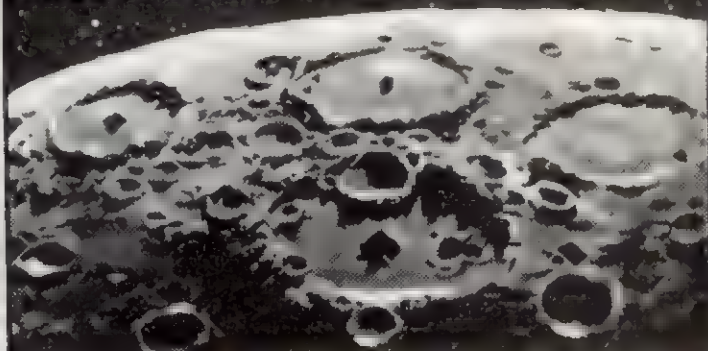
More is known about the universe than most of us imagine.....more and more exploration goes forward... Restless man is moving into outer space. The adventure you are about to enter has as its basis the best information available to our staff.....I want to personally thank Jules Feiffer and Wally Wood for their joining with me to expand this feature into new and uncharted areas.

*WILL EISNER*

YOU ARE LOOKING STRAIGHT AT THE MOON... YOU ARE EXACTLY 4500 MILES FROM ITS SURFACE ACCORDING TO CAPT. DELF. THE SHIP IS NOW IN THE MOON'S GRAVITATIONAL FIELD... HELLO, MOON... HOW ARE YOU, MOON?



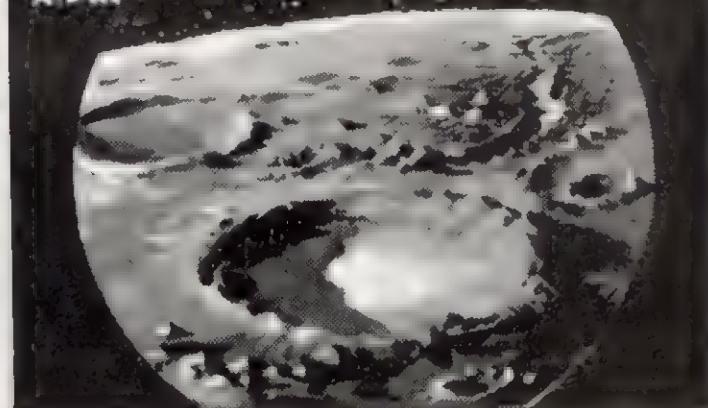
NOW THE SHIP IS FALLING TOWARD THE MOON RAPIDLY AND YOU ARE 200 MILES AWAY. THE LARGE CRATER IS 80 MILES WIDE AND IS CALLED ALBATEGNIUS. WHO GIVES A HOOT?



YOU ARE NOW LOOKING AT THE MOON FROM A DISTANCE OF 50 MILES... THOSE MOUNTAINS DOWN THERE ARE THE ALPS... THE LUNAR ALPS, THAT IS...



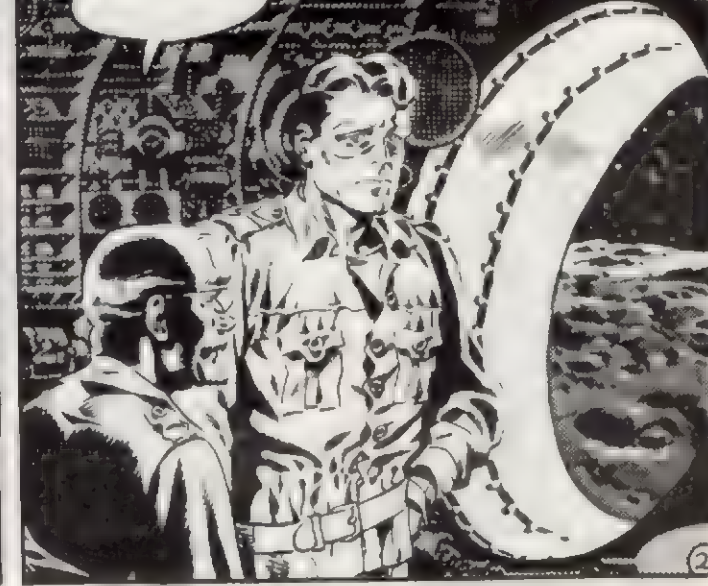
30 MILES ABOVE THE MOON'S SURFACE. THAT'S THE BRIGHTEST SPOT ON THE MOON... WHAT'S IT CALLED AGAIN? OH, YES, ARISTARCHUS... I'LL BE DOWN TO PLAY IN A MINUTE, ARISTARCHUS OLD KID...



NOW CIRCLING THE MOON AT TEN MILES... CIRCLING TO LAND... SHOULD BE EXCITED... WHY AREN'T YOU **EXCITED**? WHY DO YOU FEEL SO **TIRED**, AS IF YOUR INSIDES WERE **DEAD**? WHY...



BETTER PREPARE TO STRAP YOURSELF INTO YOUR SHOCK HAMMOCK, **SPIRIT**! WE'RE DUE TO LAND ANY MINUTE!



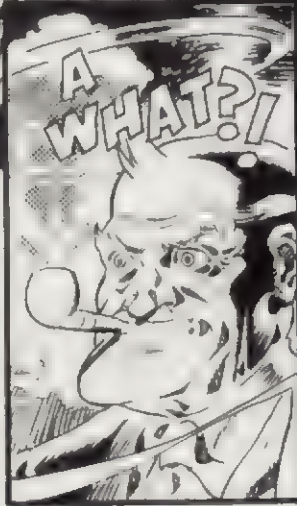
THE  
ROCKET MOTORS  
ARE FUNCTIONING AGAIN  
UGGH - THERE'S THE  
FIRST BLAST!

PHEW -  
PRESSURE'S AWFUL ...  
CUTTIN' DOWN TO  
LANDING SPEED...  
UHH!

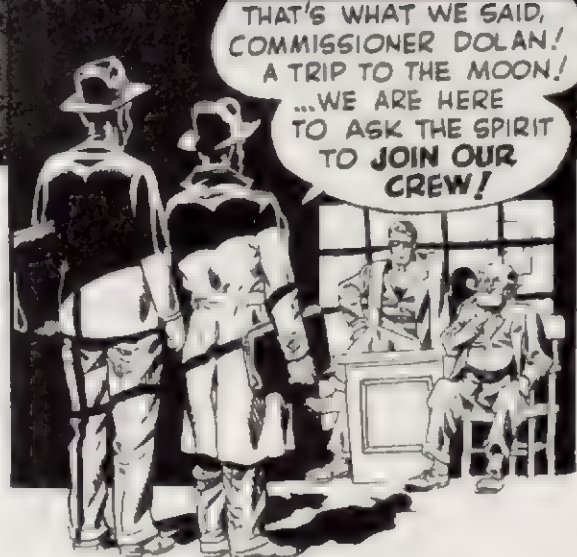


THE SECOND BLAST... CAN'T  
TAKE IT... BLACKING OUT...  
PHEW - GUESS I'M NOT CUT  
OUT F'THIS DODGE...  
HOW'D I GET INTO IT  
ANYWAY... HOW?

HOW?



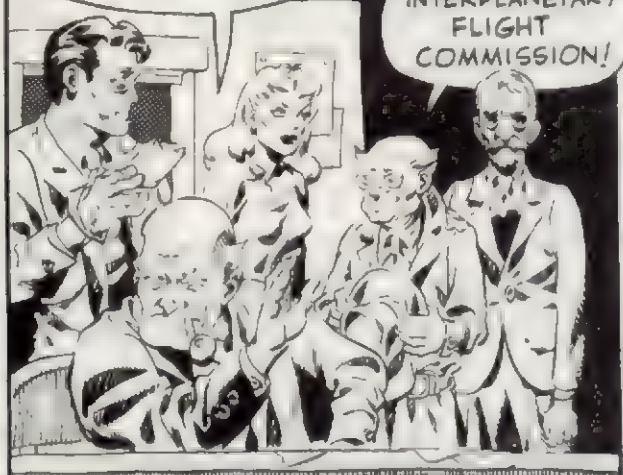
A  
WHAT?!



THAT'S WHAT WE SAID,  
COMMISSIONER DOLAN!  
A TRIP TO THE MOON!  
...WE ARE HERE  
TO ASK THE SPIRIT  
TO JOIN OUR  
CREW!

YOU GUYS READ  
TOO MANY JOKE BOOKS.  
WE'RE COPS HERE. WE  
DON'T HAVE TIME  
TO...

I AM  
PROFESSOR  
HARTLEY SKOL,  
CHAIRMAN OF  
THE  
INTERPLANETARY  
FLIGHT  
COMMISSION!

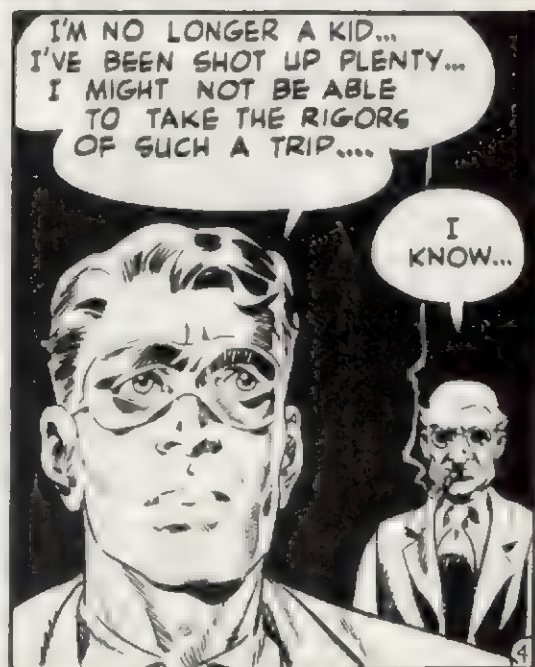
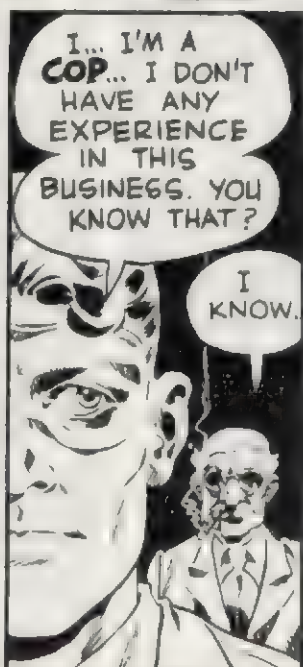
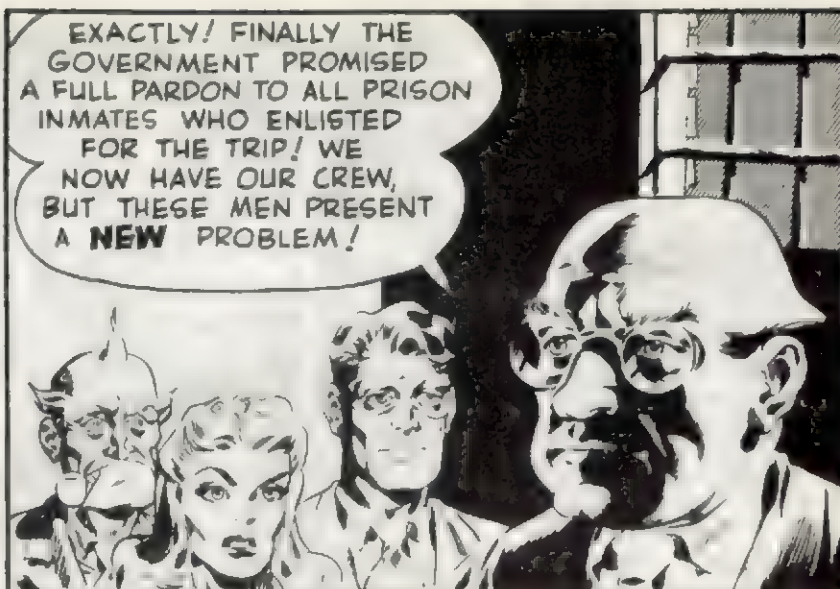
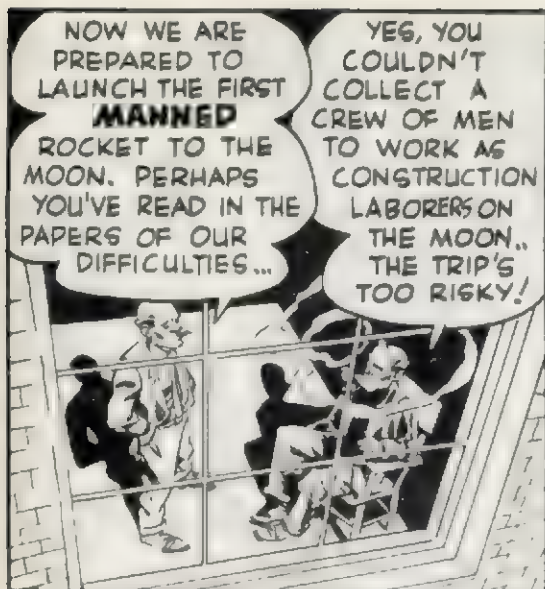


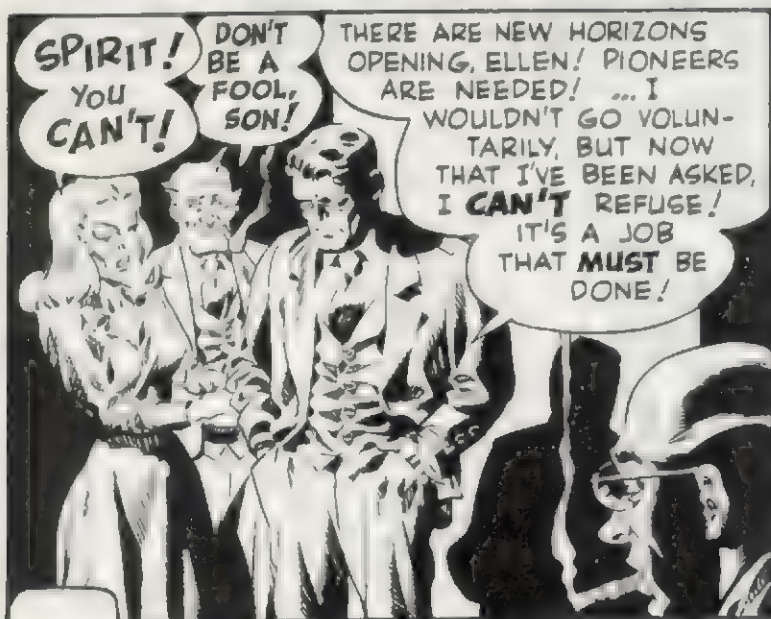
OH YEAH... YOU'RE  
THE GUY WHO SENT  
THEM SHEEP TO  
THE MOON!

SHEEP, CATTLE AND  
OTHER ANIMALS. WE  
SUCCESSFULLY PROVED  
THE WORKABILITY OF  
OUR ROCKET DESIGNS!  
NOT A SINGLE  
ANIMAL  
WAS HARMED!



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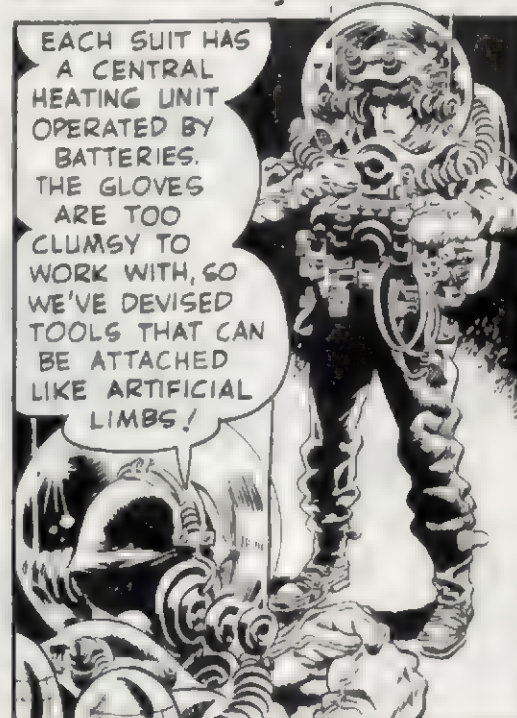
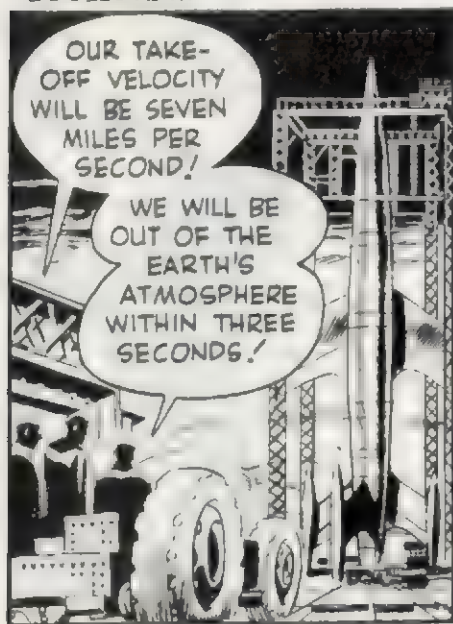




And so a new kind of life was introduced to me.. the world of rockets...

The world of space suits...

And once again... the world of men...





R-day...rocket day had arrived...

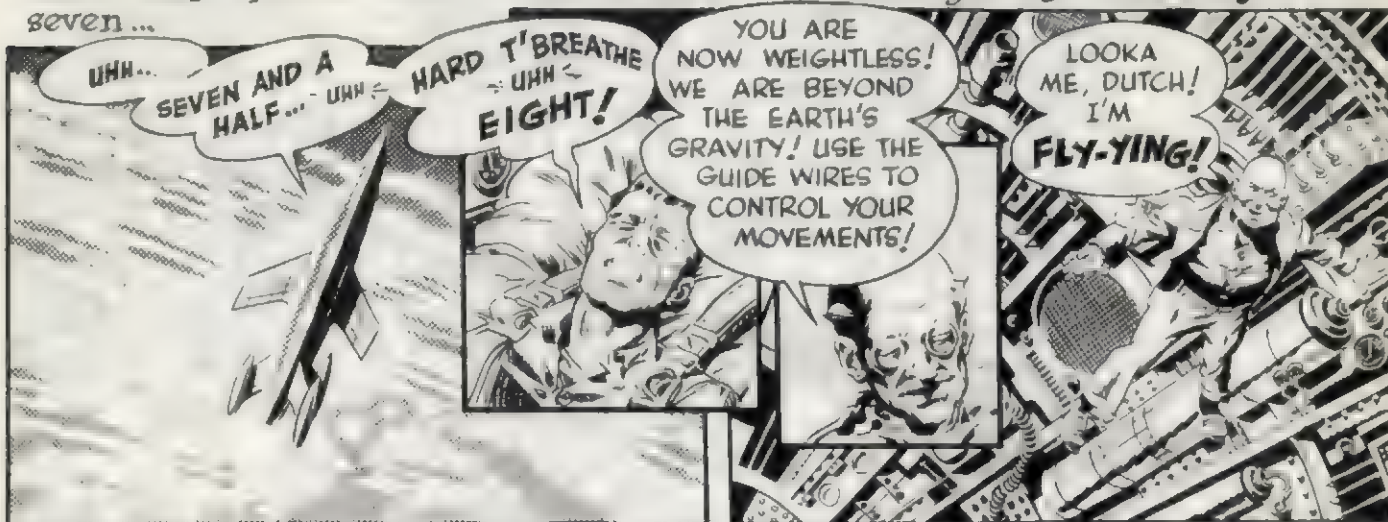


It's a personal feeling, this... not scientific, not cold and clear, but deeply personal...

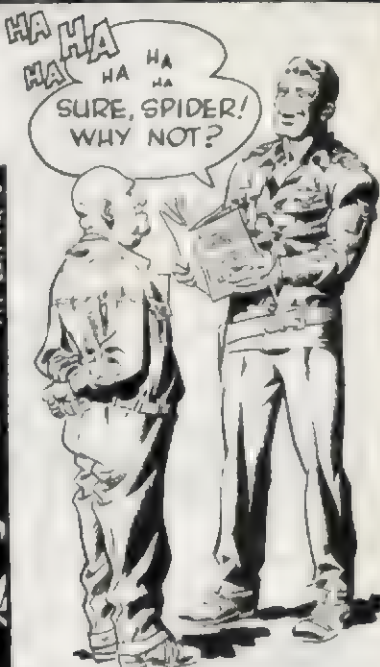


eight minutes.... eight ....  
black inky space... six...  
seven...

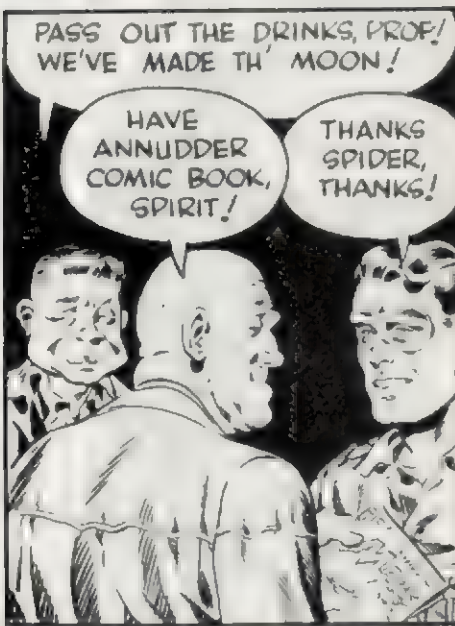
eight minutes! ...the acceleration goes down...  
down from four times gravity to **zero!**



Yes, everything not bolted down floats! Pens... desks...  
everything... and with all the newness, you almost  
forget your lingering sadness...



...And now the rocket tubes  
fire again...We brake our  
speed and slow in for a  
landing...





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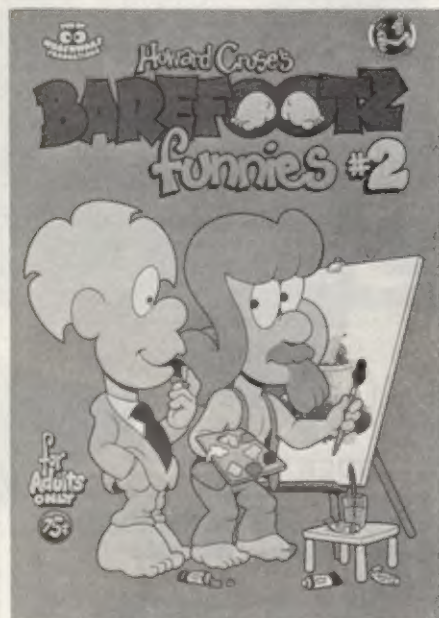
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I am over 18 (sign) \_\_\_\_\_

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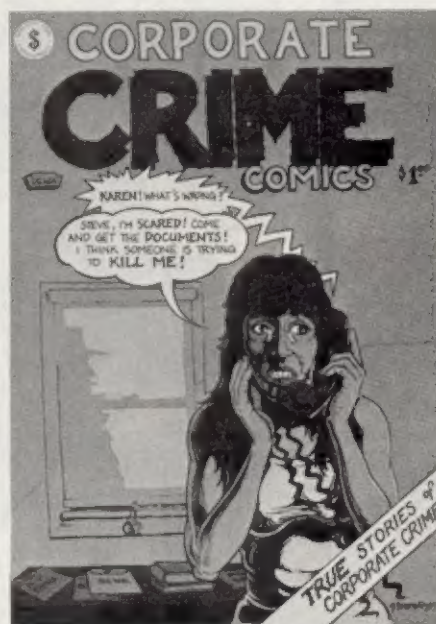
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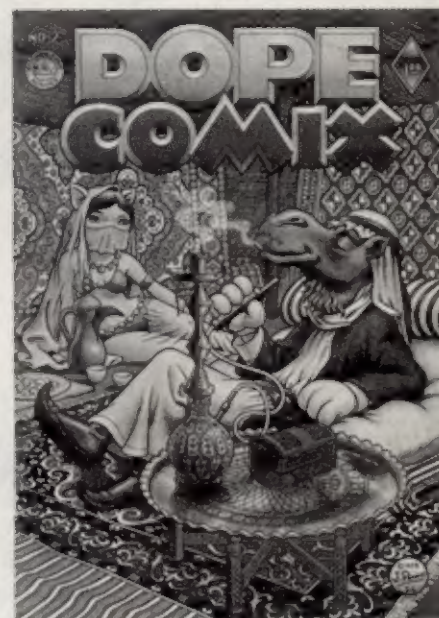
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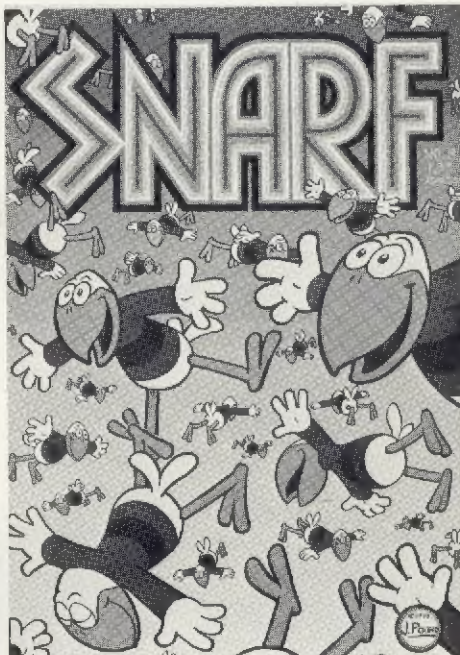
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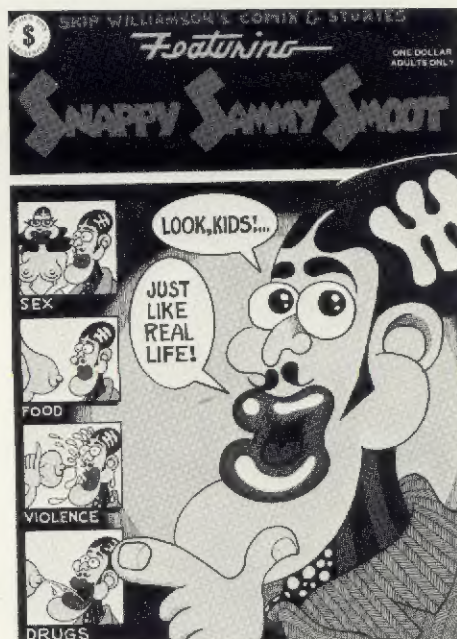
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